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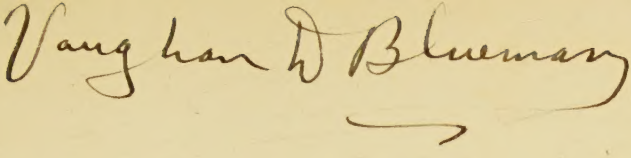

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BOSTON PREACHERS

Boston Preachers

PULPIT ADDRESSES BY MINISTERS OF BOSTON AND ITS VICINITY

COMPILED BY

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PREFACE

THIS book of sermons by Boston preachers goes forth on its errand of helpfulness. Boston is among the large list of American cities which attract and hold great preachers; one minister whose sermon is contained in this compilation is spoken of as leading among the preachers of the United States; another declined calls from London, Albany, Seattle, and New York, to remain in his own Boston pulpit.

Then, such a volume as this has a wider value in presenting thoughts from twenty-five minds rather than twenty-five sermons from one mind. There is the wider point of view, the different angles, a freedom of thought. Eleven denominations are represented in this group, showing a wide range of thought. The texts are taken from eleven books of the Bible, and the collection contains sermons by three presidents of schools of learning. Throughout the country and Canada, most of these men are known, either through former pastorates, or academic life, or birthplaces, or through the radio; this fact will create a desire to get the points of view contained in this book.

But of far greater significance than the value mentioned, these messages contain help for mankind in the various walks of life. There is a spirit of helpfulness for the young, for the parent, for everybody. And therefore this volume is sent out with a prayer that it may be an effective voice in times when the sky of life is clear, and in times when this same sky is clouded with the mists which darken.

A. A. G.

Dorchester, Mass.

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REV. GEORGE A. GORDON

Rev. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, needs no introduction from an American pen. His ability, as that of a minister standing in the very first rank of preachers of America, has been made clear to us from time to time. It is, therefore, only necessary to recall briefly a few points in his great life. Dr. Gordon is a native of Scotland. He was graduated from Bangor Theological Seminary, and Harvard University. He holds the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Bowdoin, Yale, Brown, and Williams; the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from Harvard and Columbia; the degree of Doctor of Laws from Western Reserve and Boston. He was Ingersoll Lecturer at Harvard, Lowell Lecturer in Harvard, and Beecher Lecturer at Yale; he was overseer of Harvard, for nineteen years, preceding 1917, and also since 1925. He is a philosopher, theologion, and poet; he is the author of books too numerous to mention, except his *My Education and Religion*, 1925, which has been read and quoted at numberless times and in numberless circumstances. He has been minister of Old South Church since 1884, and this sermon, "The Triumph of the Best," was preached on the forty-second anniversary of his ministry there.

I

THE TRIUMPH OF THE BEST

Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D.

"Hosanna; blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."—Mark 11:9.

Which is to be the final winner in the long, long struggle of time, the best, or the second best, or the worst? Several years ago a German entomologist published a book in which he contended that the ultimate victors in the biological battle on this earth would be insects and bugs, visible and invisible. Here is the intellectual and moral watershed of the world; on one side we go in the increasing sense of the soul of our God and Father, in the increasing sense of our own soul moving toward sovereignty over its own life, in the increasing sense of justification in all the endeavors and all the sacrifices that we make for the coming of the kingdom of man in human society, and in unclouded and endless hope. All this comes to those who go on one side of the watershed. On the other side there is the descent into ever deeper darkness, ending in abysmal despair. Here every family, every community, every form of society, every order of government, every religion, every civilization, meets its judgment day. Shall the best win ultimately, or the second best, or the worst? Here we see the form, the divine athletic form, of our Christian faith stripped for combat, all ecclesiastical and theological trappings cast aside; here we see our Christian faith with clean bone and magnificent muscle in the great contest of humanity.

The triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem is a single monumental example of the triumph of the best. We cannot comprehend the joy that it must have been to Him to have gone into the capital city of His nation, after all obstruction, ignorant enmities, bitter persecution, to stand there for one day the acknowledged king. For us, the triumphal entry means prophecy; it is a single instance of what is to be universal before time shall run its course, and after time has run its course, in eternity; the triumph, the sovereignty, the sole dominion of the best; that is our faith. Can anything be said here and now on this Palm Sunday, serious, weighty, convincing, in support of this sublime faith held by us in this world torn by trouble and darkened by sin and shame?

I. The moral constitution of mankind supports faith in the ultimate triumph of the best. What is that constitution? Good—good without evil, good always, good essential and eternal—is the object, and the only object, of human desire. This great, clear, sovereign insight we owe to the Greeks; it is the greatest of all their ethical insight handed over to humanity. No man desires evil, every man desires good; good without evil, good all the time, good essential and everlasting. There is the moral constitution of man laid open in the sunlight of intellect, in the sunlight of historic experience; and to match that moral constitution there is Christianity, the one sovereign good of the world. It offers God, the Infinite and Eternal, as the only good adequate to human desire, ready to run His life into all the channels of human life. "Eternal life in the midst of time, under the eyes and by the strength of God," to quote again Harnack's great sentence. And that is what Augustine's familiar words mean, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we repose in Thee." It is the constitution of the river to flow from its rise to the sea; it is the

constitution of the tide to swing now seaward and then shoreward; it is the constitution of our planet to fly in its path about the sun and on that pilgrimage to turn on its axis every four-and-twenty hours, and thus to bring the succession of day and night and the procession of the seasons. And in the same way it is the constitution of man to desire good—good without evil, good all the time, essential and everlasting good. Thus the constitution of man, the moral constitution of man, supports the great faith that the best shall ultimately be winner in the world of time and its struggle.

II. In the second place, there is the idea of education, one of the greatest ideas in the possession of mankind, matching the human capacity for development. The idea of education has two great forms: enlightenment of the intellect, and training of the moral will into competence. Here again the Greeks are on our side. Their wisest men say that all error, all wrong, all iniquity, all moral evil, the whole black tragedy of the world, issues from ignorance and moral weakness. Your child stands before the fire, is fascinated by it, and thrusts its dear little hand into the flame, with what consequences you know. Your boy does no such thing; he knows better. The open fountain of the moral evil in human society is the blending of the ignorant mind and the incompetent moral will; and this opinion, this conviction, is in complete accord with the teaching of Jesus in the darkest hour of the tragedy of His life, on the Mount of Olives; unable, even He, to restrain the flow of tears, He said, "If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace!"

Jesus was rejected and crucified by the ignorant mind and the incompetent moral will of His people; and His prayer on the Cross is not only the greatest prayer that a persecuted soul could offer, but is the light that reveals the

darkest places in the world, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Read again the greatest parable of Jesus, the Parable of the Lost Son. The son wants good, and he sets out to find it. He goes into dark ways, into all vice and shame, hunting for good; he goes through a woeful circle in search for good; disillusionment comes; he goes at length to the far country, finds himself a swineherd, perishing from hunger. Then, under the law of the illuminating power of human experience, he comes to himself, looks back and beholds the light in the home of his father, sees the supreme good in the love there, in the fellowship there; all that he had gone away to find and had failed to find, existed, and with its royal welcome for him, in the house upon which he had turned his back. I beg you to read that parable again and to find in it the profoundest philosophy of human history, true to the constitution of man, true to the working of human experience, true to the order of the world, divinely, beautifully true, from its first word to its last. The eyes of Jesus went through all appearances until, following the stream of human experiences, they found its end and its issue in a mind made wise and a will made competent.

The greatest program in the world for education is that contained in the Christian faith. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all;" that is the starting point. And what is the method? Jesus as God's Revealer. "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." And the bugle-call to all His disciples is: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in heaven,"—the authority of the divine nature, the authority of the authentic Prophet of the divine nature, the authority of the constant disciples of the Lord Jesus brought to bear upon the ignorant mind and the incompetent will of

the world. Remember, then, that in the last analysis, Christianity is the religion of the illuminated mind upon the nature of what is good; and in the second place, Christianity is the religion of the competent moral will.

Without a rudder what is the best ship or boat that ever was launched? Speed, a clear course, a fair wind, these are nothing if there shall be no rudder. What are the highest visions, the highest ideals and aspirations of a soul, if there be no masterful will? Christianity has again and again seemed to gather itself up into an appeal to the broken and paralyzed moral will of the world. Paul's Christianity was an incompetent moral will made victorious. It was the same with Augustine, and the same with Luther. Christianity found multitudes of slaves, and poor sinners in slavery to their passions; it turned them into victors through its appeal to the will. But we must not lose the preceding reality, the vision of a religion that is first of all the religion of an illuminated mind, and, second, the religion of a victorious moral will.

The Indian is reported to have said, in the depths of the forest, " Indian no lost; wigwam lost." But that is not true; each was lost to the other; both were lost. Now, there has been a moral highway built through the centuries of time by the wisest men and women in the world. " This is the way; walk ye in it," is the authoritative utterance of the best moral life of the world, and Christianity comes and throws upon that highway an everlasting light and disposes weak wills to move on that highway; and when once beholding and moving, more and more the vision of eternal good gets hold of us, and more and more the Holy Spirit greatens will, until at length we become royal pilgrims on that great highway.

III. Our vision of God supports the faith in the ultimate triumph of the best. " The Lord God of our fathers," surely

there is no tenderer, more significant, more alluring characterization of the Supreme Being than that, for those who have derived their being from great men and great women who went the pathway of life before them in honor and hope. Then there is Paul's great characterization, "The God and Father of Jesus." Those who believe that Jesus was right in His vision of God, as you and I do, cannot doubt the ultimate triumph of the best. It is still true that the stars in their courses fight against wickedness, iniquity, and all wrong; it is still true that the way of the transgressor is hard. There are certain intellectual axioms that no thinker can overthrow, disregard of which brings him to shame as a thinker. Everything must either be or not be; there is no middle ground between being and not being; the thinker who disregards the law of "excluded middle" is brought to shame. And there is the law of identity. Nothing can be and not be at the same time and in the same sense. And there is a third axiom in the intellectual world, that "something is real;" we may not be able to say what it is, but our whole world is founded upon it; that there is somewhere a substantial and eternal Reality.

In the same way, there are axioms in the moral world. Goodness and wickedness are in eternal opposition; right and wrong. There is in the physical world the law of gravitation, and defiance of it is fatal; obedience to it is the only wisdom in the physical sphere. There is such a thing as moral gravitation. Here again, forget what wickedness means, try to make it into goodness, and you may as well try to change the law of physical gravitation. There are the axioms that together show that the world has a constitution that man did not make and that man cannot unmake. Here we come up against the will of God. As we stand against that will of the Most High declared in the final order of our moral world, our own moral constitution rises like a

sun in splendor and beauty; our desire then becomes clear, for good, good without evil, good all the time, good essential, good eternal; and all the yearnings of our nature are met by Him whose name is Love, Eternal Love.

Let us hold, then, to our faith in the ultimate triumph of the best. We shall never see that triumph. There was the first battle of the Marne; it was a mighty victory. We know now that the ablest and wisest German soldiers knew that the Central Powers were defeated after that great battle; that all they could do by their four years of fighting was to secure, if they could, as good terms as they might at the close of the vast struggle. They knew after that first battle of the Marne that they could not win; it was a great victory. But its greatest significance was its prophecy, and that prophecy was fulfilled when the second battle of the Marne was fought, in which America was represented by her soldiers. Those who fought in the first battle were not there in the second battle; but as the universe is one, they knew from on high that the second battle never could have been but for the first.

Jesus' triumphal entry, on that day, into Jerusalem is the great prophecy which all history is struggling to fulfil. We are still in the campaign, and we shall never see the hour of universal dominion of good. What then? Let us build our soldier life into the mighty struggle for the increasing power of truth and beauty and goodness, and from somewhere in the universe we shall behold that day when all His armies shine in robes of victory.

With this utterance of a triumphant faith I close my forty-second year in the service of this church. I do not know what your feelings are upon that subject. It is a long, long time for people to listen to one man. Most of those who were here when I began are not here now. But in my philosophy, work is good for all, good for you who are look-

ing toward the last third of life, or the last quarter, or the last eighth, or the last sixteenth, it is as good for you as it is for me; for without work, no man, no woman, can be happy. My philosophy has very little encouragement for those of you who may wish to hear another voice; that philosophy is contained in lyric form in the last stanza of a very familiar and touching hymn:

"Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er."

Work is best for you; work is best for me; work is best for us all; and all this by the ordination of our God.

REV. DANIEL L. MARSH

Rev. Daniel L. Marsh, President of Boston University since 1926, was born in West Newton, Pa., and received the degree of S.T.B. from Boston University, D.D. degree from Grove City College, and LL.D. degree from the University of Pittsburgh. He was ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1908, and is author of numerous books. He was editor of "The Pittsburgh Methodist" during 1913-26. President Marsh is widely sought as a speaker before gatherings of various denominations, as well as those void of a denominational character. His influence is gripping the entire student body of 11,744 in his strong University. His sermon, "It Is a Good Thing to Give Thanks Unto the Lord," was preached to a large congregation in Municipal Auditorium, Springfield, last Thanksgiving Day.

II

IT IS A GOOD THING TO GIVE THANKS UNTO THE LORD

Daniel L. Marsh

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."—Psalms 92:1.

The declaration of the Psalmist sounds dogmatic. Dogmatism, if allowable anywhere, certainly is allowable here. However, to one who thinks, the statement is well supported on many counts.

1. Thanksgiving is self-rewarding. The mere act of giving thanks enriches the thanksgiver. The thankful soul is the happy soul. Happiness has long been the quest of human beings, and often has been *the* quest. In Moffatt's translation, the text is self-revealing, declaring, " It is a joy to give thanks unto the Lord."

Ingratitude brings its own unhappiness. It is gloomy, sour, peevish. Nothing pleases the ungrateful man. His existence is as gloomy as that of the mole that lives in the ground. Ungrateful people are always disagreeable. Grateful people are both happy and radiant. James Whitcomb Riley has put it well in his quaint Hoosier dialect:

> *" As it's give me to perceive,*
> *I most certainly believe*
> *When a man's jest glad plum through,*
> *God's pleased with him the same as you."*

Ungrateful people are so disagreeable, and at the same time seem so much to enjoy their disagreeableness, that I

would be willing to have them organize themselves into a society from which they would exclude every grateful soul, and keep themselves to themselves. I would be willing that they might even plagiarize the name of their society and call themselves the K. K. K.'s. I do not mean the historical Ku Klux Klan. I would call them the Knights of the Kloudy Kountenance. They are the souls who whine about everything going to the dogs! They cheerfully regale one with the information that all the good men are dead; that youth is corrupt; that the times are out of joint, and the economic system is ready for the burning.

They make one think of a woman of whom I heard in the rural section of Kentucky. They called her "Funeral Sophia." She had a mania for going to funerals. Whenever she heard of a funeral within driving distance of her home she went, whether she had known the deceased or not. When she died, her horse was sold to a neighboring farmer. The farmer was chagrined to find that the old horse was dead bent on joining every funeral procession that he saw. Those who live on the rottenness of pessimism should possess old Sophia's funeral horse.

The President of the United States renders his fellow-countrymen no greater service than when, once a year, he issues his Thanksgiving Proclamation, calling upon Americans to give thanks. He renders a distinct service in awakening in them the spirit of gratitude, for gratitude is self-rewarding.

2. It is a good thing to give thanks because a spirit of gratitude is an indication of a noble nature. Nobleness is the quality in human nature that can and will respond. In material things it is what we call resilience. Strike a pile of putty with a hammer, and there is no ringing sound and no rebound; but strike an anvil, and the hammer rebounds and the anvil emits a ringing sound. In musical instruments it

is what we call tone. In flowers, it is fragrance. The world's greatest poet speaks of ingratitude as a "marble-hearted fiend." And again, in his *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare declares:

> *"I hate ingratitude more in a man*
> *Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,*
> *Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption*
> *Inhabits our frail blood."*

The same poet, expressing the universal because the universal is in him, feels that the tooth of winter wind is not so unkind as man's ingratitude; and he reminds us:

> *"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is*
> *To have a thankless child."*

I am disposed to agree with the poet in his conviction that

> *"He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one;*
> *All other crimes may pass for virtues in him."*

The thief may have some streaks of honesty in him; the dead-beat may have spots of honor, but there is nothing redemptive in the ingrate. Ingratitude will steal the nursing-bottle from a baby. It will trample mother love under foot. It will sneak out into the cemetery under cover of the darkness and steal the flowers from the grave of the departed. It is like a snake that one takes into his bosom and warms back to life and that rewards its benefactor by lifting a hissing head and sticking poisonous fangs into the breast. Ingratitude is capable of coming to one's door, sick, hungry and cold, and receiving medicine, food and shelter, laughs at one who could be so easily fleeced. Trust the ungrateful soul with gold, and he will steal it; with honor, and he will betray it; with virtue, and he will violate it; with love, and with hellish alchemy he will transmute it into lust.

As a piece of cold iron lying in a pile of sand mixed with

metal filings is transformed into a thing so attractive that the filings leap through the sand to attach themselves to it when a coil of electric wire is wrapped around it, so the soul that is filled with the spirit of Jesus sees a thousand reasons leaping forth for gratitude.

3. It is a good thing to give thanks for one's own work's sake; for it is only in an atmosphere of thanksgiving that any work can be done at its best. Beethoven understood this. He had his piano moved out to the middle of a meadow, and there, where the upturned sky like a bowl spilled its light and warmth upon the earth, where he could hear the drowsy drone of bees and the lilting songs of the birds so full of gladsome hope, where the summer grasses tossed to bloom and beauty,—there, in an atmosphere of praise, he composed his greatest symphonies.

Gray, in his *Ode for Music*, expresses our thought for us:

> *"Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,*
> *The bee's collected treasures sweet,*
> *Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet*
> *The still small voice of gratitude."*

4. It is a good thing to give thanks because the disposition to praise is an indication of mental development. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, in his interesting history of the Abifonies and Guarnes, two of the principal native tribes of Brazil, tells us that the natives have no word for "thanks." He was unable to translate our idea of thanksgiving into any word of theirs, for the simple reason that they had no such word. They were inveterate askers, but the best they could say when they had received the thing for which they had asked was, "This is what I wanted." Dr. Karpf remarked the same absence of any word for "thanks" among the natives of East Africa.

Etymologists have often called our attention to the fact

that " think " and " thank " grew out of the same root. Indeed, thank was in all probability the original past tense of think. If anyone thinks he must thank. The trouble with us all is that we are so likely to take our blessings as a matter of course. Expectation with us soon becomes demand. We are reminded that

" A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

St. Paul warns us that " knowledge puffeth up," but the word of the greatest of all Teachers stands: " Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." A knowledge of the truth will make us free from conceit, free from ignorance, and free from ingratitude. The person who is able to think his problems through knows that thanks are due the good God, for

" Back of the loaf is the snowy flour;
Back of the flour, the mill;
Back of the mill, the wheat and the shower,
And the sun and the Father's will."

5. It is a good thing to give thanks to the Lord because it is good to get outside one's self. It is this, better than anything else, that gives us high thoughts, noble aspirations, lofty ideals; that refines our faith, revives our reason, fires our imagination and clarifies our judgment.

Giving thanks to God tends to keep alive the spiritual sense. It helps us to find our way through the conflicting philosophies of the day. The two principal philosophies which we call the materialistic conception of the universe and the spiritual conception of the universe are not new. They have claimed the allegiance of men from the beginning. The conflict between the Midianites, on the one hand, and the Israelites, under Gideon, on the other, as re-

ported in the Old Testament, was simply the conflict of these same philosophies under ancient guise. The Midianites stood for selfishness, animalism, things. When the Israelites went against them, shouting, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon," they had no sword at all! Yet, they did have a sword: it was the sword of a spiritual idea. They stood for God.

On the one hand, today, we have materialism, which in philosophy is mechanistic; in psychology, is behavioristic; which views man as a part of the physical universe, an animal and nothing more; which has no standard of ethics except the effect of fulfilled desire on man as an animal organism. Its logic is analytic. Its religion is naturalistic humanism which avowedly has no place for a personal God or personal immortality.

On the other hand, we have the spiritual conception of the universe, whose philosophy is personalistic idealism; whose psychology is purposive or self psychology; that views man not only as physically related to the animal kingdom, but also as an immortal child of God. Its logic is synthetic, and its religion rests upon a personal God who knows Himself and knows what He is about, and who both aids us to be what we ought to be and holds us responsible for what we are.

When you convince a man that he is an animal, and only an animal, he will act like an animal,—and you will have a recrudescence of the jungle. When you convince a man that he is an immortal child of God, he will act as such a person ought to act.

The disposition to give thanks to God keeps alive the spiritual sense. The Prophet Habakkuk tells us about a man who had had a successful haul of fish and then offered incense to his net. There are men like that today. They worship only material success. The bank or store or fac-

tory is their temple of worship. The rustle of interest-bearing paper is music to their souls. To them, life consists in the abundance of *things*. They are asphyxiated with roses. Their own success is their undoing.

There are likewise some so-called scientists who have lost God. They are not worthy of being called true scientists; for the true scientist views the physical universe as a mirror in which he sees God reflected. The pseudo-scientist sees only the burnished surface of the mirror. The one whose spiritual sense is kept alive is like Agassiz, the scientist, who offered prayer before going upon some new exploration of the universe; like Joseph Henry, who, after preparing the elements for a new experiment in chemistry, bowed his head, saying that he had asked God a question and he must wait reverently for the answer; like Kepler, who said that as he surveyed the wonders of the heavens he was but thinking God's thoughts after Him; like Linnæus, the naturalist, who, when he saw a bud unfold into a blossom, said that he had seen God pass before him in glory.

6. It is a good thing to give thanks because the giving of thanks is an aid to unselfishness. Most people have a sense of honor. If they recognize God as the giver of every good and perfect gift, their sense of honor will impel them to make a more unselfish use of the blessings they receive. The reflection upon others of God's smile upon us brings happiness both to ourselves and to others. The blossom of praise must develop into the fruit of service. Genuine gratitude is expressed in self-denying work for Christ. If we would sing acceptable songs to Him who is the font of every blessing, we must extend the benefits we have received to others whose lives have been despoiled by poverty and sin.

By giving ourselves, all things take right shape. Sir

Launfal found the holy grail at his own castle gate as he gave the leper to eat, and heard the dear Lord say:

> *"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,*
> *Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."*

I remember one Sunday afternoon when I was a little boy on my father's farm. The whole family was sitting on the front porch. Our house faced the east. I can still see that scene—the persimmon trees, the pear tree, the gnarled old apple tree in front of the house. On that particular Sunday afternoon father was sitting in his old split-bottom rocker. My sisters were there and my brother and myself and mother. I was standing at mother's knee as she was reading to us out of the big family Bible. She read these words of Jesus: " The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." When she read those words, I burst out crying. She asked what the trouble was. I said to her, " I wish Jesus were here now. I would give Him my pillow for His head." Then she put her hand upon my head and explained to me how I could do that very thing, quoting those other words of Jesus where He said He had been hungry, and fed; thirsty, and given drink; sick, and visited, declaring that " inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Gratitude to God for His blessings will make us glad to serve Him in this way.

The nation, also, if its spiritual sense be kept alive and be reminded of its obligation to God, will not fumble its destiny as did Israel of old. The trouble with Israel was that she did not understand God when He said He had chosen her. Israel put the period at the wrong place. God said, " I have chosen thee," but Israel put a period there, thinking she was chosen to be the pet of the Almighty. God did

not end His sentence there. He said, "I have chosen thee to be my servant."

7. It is a good thing to give thanks because God's blessings grow with our gratitude. In this, as in everything else, exercise increases capacity. The mere act of giving thanks increases the feeling of thanksgiving and the power of appreciation. Most pitiable of all persons is the one who wraps his talent of appreciation in a napkin and hides it away in the ground. Gratitude is more of a growth than of a gift. It is not bought with a price: it is a natural product. It cannot be commanded by fiat: it is an effort. It is not a legacy: it is a triumph.

It was the genial fancy of Charles Lamb that he would like to have a ritual of thanksgiving for starting out upon a pleasant walk, or upon a midnight ramble, or the reading of a good book, or the solution of a problem, as much as for grace before the meal. That is the spirit that makes the walk or the book or the solving of the problem a real delight. How much better off we would be if we would say only thankful words and do only the seraphic thing.

There are some who say that they will give thanks by and by. They seem not to know that By-and-By is a hill on the other side of which is the Hollow of Never. And when they pass over the Hill of By-and-By, they find themselves lost in the labyrinthian gullies and caves of Never. In that Hollow of Never one hears the sobbing wail of children and the flowing of women's tears. Behold, now is the acceptable time to give thanks.

8. It is a good thing to give thanks because the power to endure affliction and to be great in adversity is due largely to a thankful spirit. Gratitude is the grace that overcomes adversity. The grateful spirit is the practical spirit. It possesses the practical ability to transform all things into its own service. It knows the truthfulness of Paul's great

words: "All things work together for good to them that love God." James Whitcomb Riley puts it well:

"O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so.
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know.
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow."

The natural reward for faithfulness unto death is more life. The athlete is undoubtedly glad in the hour of his triumph that he was denied dainty foods and indulgence of ease.

9. Therefore, it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord for the things we miss—for the red rose whose fragrance bloomed upon our path, but which we were never privileged to pluck; for the rich fruit of the vine which spilled upon the sand untasted by us; for the rainbow gleams of our youthful dreams that led us on and on, but which we never realized. We are thankful for the roses, for the fruit, for the dreams that made us strong to move along even without their realization.

There are certain blessings which we take from day to day, and for which we never give thanks, but for whose return we would mightily pray if they were taken from us. We have health: suppose we should lose the health we have —would we not pray for health? We have friends and loved ones who understand us and sympathize with us: suppose we had no handclasp to answer to ours, no understanding friend in whom we might confide—would we not pray for such a friend? We have food to satisfy our hunger: suppose we had no food—would we not pray for a bite to eat? We have work to do: suppose we should lose our

work and be able to find none—would we not pray for work? We have peace as a nation: how we prayed and prayed for peace in those awful days of war! If the curse of war should visit us again, would we not pray for peace? Well, then, let us thank God for health and friends and food and work and peace and all the manifold blessings that He showers upon us day by day.

10. In the Psalm whose opening refrain I have been quoting, " It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," the Psalmist goes on to say, " and to sing praises unto thy name, O most high: to shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night, upon an instrument of ten strings."

I come now to the tenth reason for giving thanks. It is as though we were praising God upon an instrument of ten strings,—and the tenth string is this: It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord for the future of hope. That is the lesson of George Frederick Watts' great allegorical painting which he calls Hope. I remember when my friend and I stood before the original in the Tate Gallery, in London, my friend remarked that it might better be called a representation of " Despair " than of " Hope "—and my friend was a man of wide experience and of more than ordinary mental ability. Would not most observers, at first glance, justify him in his criticism? For the picture is that of a young woman sitting bent over in a woe-begone attitude upon the top of the globe, wrapped about with the gloom of twilight, blindfolded, clutching to her breast a simple lyre of primitive design upon which every string but one has been broken—is that not a picture of despair?

But let us look at it a little more closely: It is true the canvas is dim; but hope is a very vague and swift and violent thing. The drooping figure sits upon the summit of the world, symbolical of the universality of the grace we

call hope. The gloom of twilight enshrouds her; but one star " of purest ray serene " gleams and sparkles in the sky —that is hope, indeed: always a Morning Star shining somewhere! The figure dressed in the silk-soft transparent green garment, which exquisitely fades into the deep blue of the sky, is not so listless as at first we thought. The lips, inexpressibly sweet and sad, indicate considerable latent animation. The white bandage tied around her golden head and across her eyes blindfolds her; but the teaching of that simply is that she does not know from which direction hope will come, or what form it will assume. But though she is blindfolded, her eyes are not altogether hidden, we can see the drooping eyelids, ready to flutter open at the first ray of light. Every string of the lyre is broken but one—that is the point: *but one! There is always one string left!* The strings that have been broken are wrapped around the upper limb of the simple frame. From the one string that remains unbroken, the other strings, in happier circumstance, will be set in tune.

The most striking example that literature furnishes of lost hope is the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.* It is the story of a man of subtle intellect and fine imagination, who justly revolted against his country's false religion, but who fell short of replacing what he had subverted by any better hope. It is the story of a man who has lost yesterday, and cannot find tomorrow. His hands have grown hard with the attrition of feeling along the walls of today, hunting for a door opening into tomorrow, and he cannot find it. Hope gone! Therefore we hear the clink of glasses and the pouring of wine, wine, red wine, through the whole poem.

> *" Perplext no more with human or divine,*
> *Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,*
> *And lose your fingers in the tresses of*
> *The cypress-slender minister of wine."*

Hope gone! The whole thing seems to him like a phantom caravan that has halted just a moment to take a "momentary taste of being from the well amid the waste," and then the caravan has reached the nothing it set out from. Therefore he exhorts:

> *"Waste not your hour, nor in the vain pursuit*
> *Of this and that endeavor and dispute;*
> *Better be jocund with the fruitful grape*
> *Than sadden after none, or bitter, fruit."*

Hope gone! Therefore his dictum is to "take the cash and let the credit go." Hope gone! Therefore he fills the cup to clear today of past regret and future fears. Hope gone! No golden age lies ahead for him. Hope gone! No spring comes into his soul, and no tomorrow dawns for him. Hope gone! Therefore:

> *"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,*
> *Before we, too, into the dust descend;*
> *Dust into dust, and under dust, to lie,*
> *Sans wine, sans song, sans singer and—sans end."*

It is in its application to Christianity that hope finds its legitimate and most interesting field of operation. It is as perfectly adapted to the Christian religion as the eye is to light, or the ear to sound. The glory of Christianity is its hopefulness. Christianity teaches men to look on the bright side of everything, and gives them reasons for doing so. The basis of the Christian's hope is found in the benevolence of God, the redeeming work of Christ, and the promises of the gospel.

God is spoken of as the "God of hope," and then tribute is laid upon the most precious words in language to make plain to the believer that he has a firm basis for his hope.

When every string but one has snapped the music produced upon that one string has an inspiring, energizing,

sin-deterring power over us. It stimulates our flagging courage, and strengthens our lagging patience.

Sometimes we sit in the gloaming, and when we try to play upon our lyre one string after another breaks, until only one remains—it is the string of hope. We play upon it, and it moans like a storm, and sobs like a man in deep distress, and sings like a nightingale. Tennyson heard its music, and translated it into words:

> *"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:*
> *Thou madest man, he knows not why,*
> *He thinks he was not made to die:*
> *And Thou hast made him: Thou art just."*

This hope will spur us on to diligence and perseverance in the best life here: "Wherefore, gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, *and hope to the end,* for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ." This hope will enable a man to live cleanly and work faithfully in this life: and character will be formed as a by-product, and heaven will be reached as a natural consequence.

When Watts places the figure of Hope on the summit of the globe he means to indicate not merely the universality of the grace, but also, and probably chiefly, the hope of the race. Is not that the idea that is very impressively conveyed to us by the figure sitting on the globe with the whole round world beneath? As a social feeling hope is fittingly enshrouded in gloom. Its growth is slow and painful because of the difficulties and darkness. Prejudice and superstition and ignorance and selfishness are always blindfolding the world. Sometimes the outlook is stormy, and we wonder if evil will not triumph in the end. But hope sitting on the top of the world—crowning all abilities, all achievements, all successes—forever proclaims the message that "behind the

dim unknown standeth God within the shadow." However dark the night, hope wistfully lifts its bandaged eyes to the shining of the morning star, and the dawn that is always somewhere in the world. It was in Israel's darkest days, when their country was desolate, and their chief city was facing ruin that the prophet, speaking in the name of God, promised them " A future of hope." And the race always keeps struggling upward because it believes in that " future of hope."

Is not this the thought with which Oliver Wendell Holmes ends his greatest poem, " The Chambered Nautilus," when he says:

" Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

Truly, " it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

REV. HAROLD EDWIN BALME SPEIGHT

Rev. Harold Edwin Balme Speight, Minister since 1921 of King's Chapel, Boston, was born in England and holds the M.A. degree from the University of Aberdeen, and the D.D. degree from Tufts College. He was a teacher in the University of Aberdeen, and was ordained a Unitarian Minister in 1912. His former pastorates have been in Kensington, England, Victoria, B. C., Berkeley, Cal.; he left Berkeley for Boston. He is editor of *Week-Day Sermons in King's Chapel.* Dr. Speight is increasingly becoming a University preacher, and an artist in the conduct of worship. His sermons are being broadcast, so that he is known in wide areas. This sermon, " The Divine Surprise," is a scholarly presentation of some of the marvels of the Lord. It was preached in King's Chapel, Harvard University, and at the University of Chicago.

III

THE DIVINE SURPRISE

Rev. Harold E. B. Speight, D.D.

"This is the Lord's doing, it is marvelous in our eyes."
—Psalm 118:23.

If one of the higher animals encounters suddenly something it has never seen before, or even if for the hundredth time it encounters something that involves a marked disturbance of its ordinary existence, it will be startled, perhaps even thrown into a state of terror. Until it has met the menace of the new thing—or found that there is no danger to be feared—it will be occupied with it; in a rudimentary sense it will think about it. But its thought—if we can use that word—will not be about this new thing in relation to the rest of its experience. Escape from threatening danger, victory over the strange creature in a contest of strength or cunning, refuge from the unwonted winds or waves or stormy elements—this will suffice. Once this is secured, attention is promptly given to the next meal. But a human being, even the child or the childlike savage, will not rest satisfied with this. Surprise and astonishment, even terror, will leave in the human being a disposition to ponder, to wonder, to seek an explanation. Philosophy, it was said long ago, begins in wonder. We can go further and say it is the mark of a human being to wonder, to go on thinking about new objects and new experiences even after they have ceased to be novel and to hold threat of harm or promise of good. If a storm comes the animal seeks shelter till it is

over and then forgets it. The savage, in his primitive way, reflects upon the startling thunder and lightning; such explanation as he works out for himself involves a comparison of successive storms, a comparison of the behavior of the elements in a storm with their behavior under everyday conditions. The child similarly deals with new scenes, new faces, new words. Even the sophisticated man, who has so largely succeeded in eliminating from his life what is startlingly new and strange, cannot quite escape the experience of wonder. Even he may find himself suddenly confronted by something he has never before had to take into account, and before the mysteries of birth and death find himself constrained to marvel.

The experiences of religion have been closely bound up with the sense of the mysterious and the marvelous, so closely, in fact, that in an age like our own, of great intellectual achievement, when men are rapidly advancing the frontiers of knowledge and stand expectant before the Unknown with confidence that it will soon yield its remaining secrets, a great many people feel that religion is bound to have a less and less important part in life. People who are sure that there is little left to learn, whose universe is the little world of their settled and seldom-disturbed routine, people who feel that they can plan for tomorrow, for an indefinite series of tomorrows without fear of serious interruptions, people who like to sing that they are the captains of their souls and the masters of their fates, are not enthusiastically religious; they are not likely to be religious at all. The ancient words of the Psalmist, " This is the Lord's doing, it is marvelous in our eyes," they find archaic in sense as well as in style. You can hear them say instead, " This is the work of man, and it is only a beginning. It is nothing to what we shall very soon be able to do."

There are, however, many signs that intellectual achievement, with its vast extensions of human power, will not go very much further without bringing us all, including our friends who are so sure that they are captains of their souls and masters of their fates, and those who live today without wonder and without sight of God, into the presence of realities that will give the name of God a new sanctity and significance. The old words of the psalmist, instead of seeming to go too far for our sophisticated ears, may then seem inadequate to express our sense of the majesty and marvel of the Divine Surprise. So far may the victorious intellect of man overleap the hitherto insuperable barriers of life and growth, that—" at some sudden turn," " among the Forests of the Night," in the vastness and the mystery of a universe which for so many now reveals only power, blind chance, and unintelligent energy, men will see again, wonderfully white, the altar of a Purpose that is Love.

In a poem by James Oppenheim called " Night," a priest, a poet and a materialist speak. The priest kneels, the poet writes in a little note-book, and the materialist looks at the heavens through a telescope. The priest, addressing the others, tells them that they are as people on the outside of a house; one of them " only sees that it is made of stone, and its windows of glass, and that fire burns in the hearth," while the other sees only " that the house is beautiful and very human."

" But I have gone inside the house,
And I live with the host in that house,
And have broken bread with Him, and drunk His wine,
And seen the transfiguration that love and awe make
in the brain. . . .
For that house is the world, and the Lord is my host
and my Father;
It is my Father's house."

The priest listens again to the materialist and the poet. The one is content to say that "one thing and another changes and so man arises," while the other tells him that it is enough "to know that the world and a Woman are very beautiful." This is not enough for him; he knows that

". . . in the hearts of men and women, and in the thirsty hearts of little children,
There is a hunger, and there is an unappeasable longing,
For a Father and for the love of a Father. . . .
For the root of a soul is mystery,
And the night is mystery,
And in that mystery men would open inward into eternity,
And know Love, the Lord."

No! Religion has nothing to fear from the inquisitive, speculative mind that pushes back the present confines of knowledge. It is true that the gifts of Science to mankind have absorbed the interest and attention of many men and women so that they take no time to reflect upon the source of those gifts. Happy with their new playthings, contented amongst the comforts and luxuries of this new age of applied science, they have banished the thought of God as a superstition. But sooner or later, we may be sure, they will catch from the exploring physicist and bio-chemist and psychologist the new mood of wonder and reverence, the new sense of the pervading presence of the Divine, that is today becoming characteristic of the student of matter and mind, of life and growth. "As Science advances," a great biologist has said, "the world of nature is seen to be more and more interpretable as the working out of a divine thought." And even those who are today the least concerned with religion may yet find in themselves the great mystery, a mystery "opening inward into eternity." Before that mystery they will stand amazed, marveling, awed, hushed into humility and worship. "This is Love's doing," they will say, "it is

marvelous in our eyes." And nearest to the altar then revealed to their wondering eyes they will perhaps see the scientist, the man who has exercised most fully the human prerogative of thought and reflection and inquiry, and whose searching study of what were once secrets to the savage has brought him face to face with more baffling secrets than ever vexed the savage mind.

The study of human personality has been carried in our generation far beyond the achievements of earlier students. Human sentiments and traits, the will and the emotions, the reasoning processes, all are better understood today than ever before. Volumes are written every year on these subjects, for the many-sided human being, his mind and his body alike responsive to a changing environment, invites study from many angles. But the more we know, the greater grows the marvel. For instance, much importance is attached today to certain chemical processes and changes in the human body; some claim that these explain all or most of the differences between any two men—between the alert and the dull, between the ardent and the indifferent, between the optimistic and the anxious, between the determined leader and the indecisive. Even if that should be true, one mystery is cleared away only to reveal still greater marvels.

Our "behaviorist" friends, who are saying that human beings are soulless mechanisms which inevitably respond in a fixed way to particular stimuli, will of course deny that there is in human nature any mystery or anything marvelous. But they are not always consistent. One of the more extreme exponents of this theory of human nature, after speaking of bringing up children who will "gradually change this universe," adds, "Will not these children in turn, with their better ways of living and thinking, replace us as society and in turn bring up their children in a still

more ideal way, until the world finally becomes a place fit for human habitation? " We all share his hope, but where does the professor find his idea of " better ways of living and thinking? " If everything that men do they do because they must, how does any " still more ideal way " occur to the behaviorist? We are in the presence of one of the most profound of mysteries whenever we meet a human will that resolves to " change this universe." The mystery is increased, not solved, when this is the will of a man who tells us he has shown that human beings are entirely determined by environmental stimuli.

Here are four achievements of the human soul. Let me recount them and then let us say whether they call forth less of admiration, less of wonder, because of anything more that we know about the mind and the body than was known a hundred or even a thousand years ago.

In the days of the clipper ships that sailed from Boston and Salem around the Horn to California a young skipper took with him, on his first voyage as master, his bride of nineteen years of age. Near the Straits of Magellan, ever feared by mariners, he fell ill with brain fever. The first mate was in irons for insubordination. There was no other trained navigator aboard. The nineteen-year-old girl tended her husband but she also took command of the vessel and sailed her round the Horn, to San Francisco and back, and the time taken compared favorably with the usual run for fast ships. No theory regarding the dependence of mind on matter will ever make that, for me, a less extraordinary or a less heroic story of courage and self-command.

A second. Life denies to this man much that most people would say his personal gifts and native charm must certainly win for him. He has worked faithfully and shown rare abilities, but circumstances that he could not even remotely affect one way or another have stood directly in the

way of his advancement and limited the rewards of his labor. One day he discovers accidentally that his knowledge of a trade secret would be of great value to a man who could—and who makes it known that he would—liberally pay for the secret. He could grasp a financial compensation that would provide for his remaining years and go far to make up for the cruelly and undeservedly limited return his honest toil has brought him in the best part of a lifetime. But he hears a voice that simply spells out one word —honor, and he has his answer ready.

A third. A scientific investigator spends years in the study of a special problem. Since the slightest friction disturbs his experiments he habitually rises in the middle of the night and works for an hour when all is quiet. He is almost ready to present his calculations to the scientific world. Suddenly he realizes that he has forgotten to take into account as a factor the texture of the clothing he has worn, which has of course varied. No one would have challenged his results; they would have been received with enthusiasm. But the possibility of error occurs to him and he burns the records of his experiments. Truth before personal advantage!

A fourth. A man in his prime, with achievements to his credit that mark him out as a man of great promise, whose abilities the world needs, learns that in a short but unpredictable time his powers will fail and his work will come to an end. Nothing known to medical science, no feats of surgical skill, can alter the verdict. But he takes up the task where he left off, he claims no special privilege or immunity, he makes up his mind to "carry on." The only observable difference is that petty and insignificant things fall into their proper place in the new perspective and the worthwhile things are cherished with a greater eagerness. How shall we describe such serenity and manliness? Courage is

hardly an adequate word. How shall we explain it? We can only say, "There is the soul revealed in its grandeur and greatness."

Before such evidences of spiritual realities controlling human actions, can we do anything but stand in awe, admitting ourselves in the presence of something for which you may or may not have a name, but which I am ready to call the life of God in the soul of man, something that made possible such courage, such faith, such loyalty. "This is the Lord's doing," we may well cry, "and it is marvelous in our eyes." That men and women can rise to such heights, that such achievements are indeed not rare exceptions but typical of men and women at their best—for this we must admit there is somewhere, perhaps everywhere, some Cause beyond what we see. To cry in awe, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth His handiwork" is a religious experience. Still higher a religious experience is it to see the mystery of men and women "*opening inward into eternity.*"

Have you ever noticed how full are the pages of the New Testament of the experience of surprise? The multitude were "amazed" at the healing ministry of Jesus among sick bodies and disordered minds. When he spoke of his faith in God "they were all amazed insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What is this? A new teaching!" And as the followers of Jesus carried their faith abroad and spoke as if with divine inspiration, their hearers "marveled saying, Behold, are not all these which speak, Galileans?" The Christian's experience was of the kind that laid Paul prostrate before a surprise, before a blinding light and a commanding voice. It was of the kind that brought John of Patmos to his knees before the vision of the Eternal City of Light. "When I heard and saw, I fell down to worship before the feet of an angel which

showed me these things." Christianity will come to its own in you and me, in the world around us, not when its faith in God can be verified by a complete revelation of all truth —that will never be—but when you and I and other men see the marvel and the mystery of the Divine Surprise in what already lies about us, in this ordered universe, in our fellows, and within ourselves; when we stand in awe before the victorious human soul, which, at great cost, chooses love and loyalty; when we accept the implied challenge and summon the best within to take command of our enterprises; when we awaken in others the same capacity to see the Divine Love at work in their souls; and when we who thus know ourselves to be sons of God join hands and hearts to win all men by love to the life of love.

Unless and until you and I stand amazed before the divine thought that is working itself out in the distant heavens and in the human heart, and can say, " This is the Lord's doing: it is marvellous in our eyes," we can find little meaning in religion. But when we and those whom we can awaken are again ready to marvel in the presence of the unseen soul and its mysteries, we shall be at the beginning of a religious experience whose consequences in life no one can predict, and whose end will be seen only when eternity affirms the conception of our best hours. " To be religious," says a recent writer, " is to be vividly cognizant of and fully responsive to the fact that the universe contains something which is of more value than anything else, and to be stirred to joy and enthusiasm by that fact."

REV. WILLIAM HARMAN VAN ALLEN

Rev. William Harman van Allen, Rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, was born in Cameron, New York, and holds the following academic degrees: Ph.B. and Ph.M., Syracuse University; M.A., Hobart College; S.T.D., Syracuse University; L.H.D., St. Stephen's College; D.C.L., University of Bishop's College, Quebec; LL.D., Alfred University. He has been an English tutor, and an extensive traveler, a lecturer, and author of many works in prose and verse. He has been rector of his present parish since 1902. His sermon, " The Supernatural An Essential Element in Religion," preached in St. John's Chapel of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, is a very thoughtful presentation of a great subject.

IV

THE SUPERNATURAL AN ESSENTIAL ELEMENT IN RELIGION

Rev. William Harman van Allen, S.T.D.

"O Lord, how glorious are thy works: thy thoughts are very deep. An unwise man doth not well consider this: and a fool doth not understand it."—Psalm 92:5-6.

The Rabbis of old times fabled that this ninety-second Psalm was Adam's matin-song of praise to God, on the morning after his creation. Contemplating the beauty of Eden, exulting in the consciousness of his own new-found powers, he breaks forth: "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works: and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands." And then, fulfilling his promise, he lauds his Creator: "How glorious are thy works: thy thoughts are very deep." But, as if by some prophetic instinct discerning how that open vision of his should be obscured in the generations following, he adds words of warning: "An unwise man doth not well consider this: and a fool doth not understand it." A legend only: and, it may be, less edifying than the comment of scholars who tell us that this was the first song of the Sabbath psalmody, when the sacrifice was offering in the Temple of Jerusalem. And yet, if we see in it the truth, that meditation upon the marvels of God's creative omnipotence is at once proof and source of wisdom, and that to praise and adore God because of His great glory is man's first duty, we shall learn the lesson the Rabbis meant to convey: we

shall renew in ourselves the holy awe which the wonders of creation, overflowing before our eyes, should always inspire. And so the poet:

> *"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,*
> *Almighty, Thine this universal frame,*
> *Thus wondrous fair. Thyself how wondrous, then!*
> *Unspeakable, who sittest above these heavens,*
> *To us invisible, or dimly seen*
> *In these Thy lowest works. Yet these declare*
> *Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine!"*

But the habit of our age is to look upon all this as matter for scientific investigation, to be examined in detail, classified, and arranged in accordance with certain plans of research: to study creation with passionate eagerness, it is true —but in that study to forget that the Creator transcends His works; to muse over the visible, not "as seeing Him Who is invisible," but as if the visible, or at least the sensibly discerned, were all. S. Basil had the higher wisdom, when he called the natural world "the school and lecture-room of souls;" and the great Christian doctors have always regarded the material universe as a sacramental fabric, setting forth outwardly certain of the graces and powers pertaining to Him Who made all things, by Whom all things consist. Yet it is undeniably the fashion to ignore whatever is "supernatural"—I use the word in its popular sense—and to reduce even the teachings of the Christian Religion to a bald product of human intellect, an ethical evolution, in which the supernatural has no essential part. A well-known lawyer was exulting not long ago, in conversation with me, over an explanation of St. Paul's conversion, which he had just received from a religious teacher of the "up-to-date" type. It was no miracle at all, but a subjective delusion caused by an accident, probably Saul's falling from the saddle in an epileptic fit. The results were far-reaching

and beneficent, it is true; but it was in itself an ordinary event, quite within the scope of every-day affairs. The speaker was a professing Christian; but he seemed delighted to have "got rid of a stumbling-block" (as some would put it) to have one miracle the less to deal with. And he exemplified a wide-spreading attempt to remove everything supernatural from Christianity, and to have, by that process of elimination, a "rational religion," which shall "commend itself to the spirit of our age." This Sadducean propaganda of rationalizing indicated its trend in Dean Stanley's famous question "whether Unitarianism might not be described as Christianity freed from its absurdities;" and its leaders of today are yet more revolutionary. They deny the unique inspiration of Holy Scripture, as "contrary to the consensus of modern critics," and as, besides, necessarily involving an operation of God's power quite extraordinary. The Bible is the Word of God only as all books containing truths may claim that title. The Old Testament histories containing a miraculous element are either records of natural occurrences not understood by those who observed them, or else inventions to gratify the lust for wonders, whether deliberately made up, or the unconscious product of the mytho-poetic instinct, makes no great matter. So of the New Testament: "We must put the apparently miraculous in a category by itself, to be judged by the criteria of rigorous criticism," one tells us. If it be possible to prune down a miracle to the compass of a commonplace event, by all means let us do so (at whatever sacrifice of the integrity of Holy Scripture or its authors), that we may make it easier for unbelievers to accept what residuum of the Gospel may be left. E. g., a prominent Boston divine tells us that the wonderful work of Refreshment Sunday is really not at all wonderful: for Christ only set an example of unselfishness when He offered to divide His frugal

store with the multitude. Touched by that offer, they brought forth the lunch-baskets they were selfishly concealing, and made a common stock, out of which abundant provision was made for the whole five thousand! So, the Gospel of Mrs. Piper and the Society of Psychical Research is to make the Four Evangelists credible: and we are to quote Charcot and talk glibly about auto-suggestion and the subliminal consciousness by way of explaining Pentecost!

In preaching too, the supernatural is ignored altogether, or hastily slurred over as something to be ashamed of. There is no echo of St. Paul's solemn charge "before God and the elect angels;" no hush of awe at the encompassing "cloud of witnesses;" no constant recognition of God's watchful care, mightily and sweetly ordering all things day by day. Instead, there is a cold code of ethics, with a varying admixture of sentimental personalities, and a vague philanthropy which talks much about Human Brotherhood while ignoring that it is only in Jesus Christ that all men are brothers. A change indeed!

For, observe: Christianity, as a Religion, rests upon an alleged fact, which (if the allegation be true), is the greatest miracle ever recorded. The message of Christianity is, in brief, "Jesus and the Resurrection;" and if we accept that, surely other miracles, attested by evidence identical or as good, are not to be rejected. While, if we do reject that: then, as the apostle saith, our preaching is vain, and we of all men most miserable; for the foundation of our faith is gone. Men may profess veneration for the person of the Son of Mary, and grief at His untimely death; they may avow that His teachings set the highest moral standard of humanity. But if they do not worship Him who was dead and is alive again, blessed forevermore, they are not Christians, whatever else they

may be. Christianity, then, is essentially a religion of the Supernatural.

But *Supernatural* does not mean *unnatural.* If by Nature one means " the personified sum and order of causes and effects " in the region of scientific observation, then whatever transcends the use and custom of what we call natural law may fairly be called above nature, though if we include God and *His* Nature in our definition, then, of course, nothing which occurs can be supernatural.

Nor is a miracle " a violation of the laws of Nature," even though it may seem to traverse certain laws we think we have discovered. Nature, as we know it, is far less than Nature as God knows it. All our scientific observations put together give only a tiny fraction of the knowledge of the universe. Even the greatest of modern sophists has been forced to abandon Hume's position, and to own that if evidence for a miracle is sufficient, we must enlarge the scope of natural laws to accommodate it. And besides (as Abp. Trench points out), " To speak of ' laws of God,' ' laws of Nature,' " may become to us a language altogether deceptive, hiding the deeper reality from our eyes. *Laws* of God exist only for us. It is a *will* of God for Himself. That will, indeed, being the will of highest wisdom and love, excludes all wilfulness; it is a will upon which we can securely count; from the past expressions of it we can presume its future; and so we rightfully call it a law. But still, from moment to moment, it is a will; each law of nature, as we term it, is only that which we have learned concerning this will in that particular region of its activity." So, too, S. Austin: " *Dei voluntas natura rerum est.*"

Rejecting, then, a current definition of miracle, what shall we offer in its place? S. Thomas of Aquin tells us: " A miracle is something beyond the order and wont of all created nature; and because God alone is uncreated, it is

only in His power to work miracles." "Beyond," not "contrary to." If God is God, by the definition He is Almighty; and His Almightiness makes Him Lord of His Creation. There is nothing incredible, or absurd, then, in the thought of His exercising His Will directly over created things, for special ends. Even at the beginning: to create the worlds out of nothing by His Word was a miracle. And so Haeckel admits: "This hypothesis (the origin of the first monera by spontaneous generation) is indispensable for the consistent completion of the non-miraculous history of creation." So Naegele yet more frankly: "To deny spontaneous generation is to proclaim miracles." And so, too, Mill, in the broadest terms: "If the universe had a beginning, its beginning, by the very conditions of the case, was supernatural; the laws of Nature cannot account for their own origin." The alternatives, then, are materialism, or a religion of the supenatural. We need not hesitate to avow our choice.

Furthermore: the universe is not a vast machine, set going and left to run itself—even though the poet's words have been perverted into warrant for such a conception, when he sings of "One far-off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." God is *Providence*: He "upholds all things by the Word of His Power." God's Will, that is the supreme law. Lesser "laws" are not absolute, nay, they are not even certain: and S. Austin, commenting on the Miracle at Cana, well says, "God keeps some extraordinary acts in store for certain occasions, to rouse men out of their lethargy, and make them worship Him. Thus it follows, 'He manifested forth His glory.'"

But, men urge, for God to change the customary order is to admit imperfection in His work, which He pronounced "very good." They forget *sin*, which disturbs God's order, introducing disorder where all was harmony. Miracles are

not so disturbing to the general order as sin; and sin (despite that fantastic sect which "denies sin and pleads God's allness") does manifestly exist.

Ignore Christianity for a moment; and see that, believing in God, and admitting the fact of sin, miracles are so probable as to be almost necessary. We should expect them as manifestations of God's Power, as signs of God's Will, and as extraordinary indications of God's benevolence. "When mankind was first placed in this state, there was a Power exerted totally different from the present course of Nature. Whether this Power stopped immediately after it had made man, or went on and exerted Itself still further in giving him a revelation, is a question that affects the degree, not the kind of Power put forth," says Bp. Butler. But surely, all Religion, in so far as it is more than an ethical theory, professes to rest on a Revelation; and a Revelation must be supernatural. If then, there is a miracle at the beginning of Man, and a miracle at the beginning of Religion, why should we not expect further miracles?

It is absurd to beg the question by opposing the objection from "natural law." I referred to Huxley a moment ago; here are his very words: "If a dead man did come to life, the fact would be evidence, not that any law of nature had been violated, but that these laws, even when they express the results of a very long and uniform experience, are necessarily based on incomplete knowledge, and are to be held only on grounds of more or less justifiable expectation." So, to say with Hume, that "miracles are contrary to experience." To whose experience? To everybody's? That is again begging the question. By the hypothesis, a miracle is contrary to *general* experience; else it would not be miraculous. "But we have never seen a miracle." Are we then only to believe what we see? The whole fabric of commerce, politics, society, hangs on *faith,* on the belief in

what we have not seen, because we have confidence in evidence.

Miracle rests on *belief in God*. Without that, of course, there could be no miracle. But the reverse is nearly as true; there is no real belief in God without belief in the possibility, at least, of miracle. Without the supernatural, the religious instinct degenerates into empiricism, knows no spiritual world, no resurrection, no true and desirable immortality, has no sufficient force to impose the categorical imperative of Moral Duty.

But the question may fairly be asked: " Is there anything in the mind of man which yearns after such signs of benevolent Power? Do men really covet a supernatural religion? Look about and see. Here are the disciples of Blavatsky, rejecting the Gospel of Jesus Christ as incredible, and upbuilding a " tea-cup creed " upon the wonders of blue-pencilled letters from Tibet, " precipitated " from the ceiling, and crockery buried in convenient places, to be dug up when wanted. The Incarnation is impossible; but black magic is commonplace. And Mrs. Besant lauds her Messiah to believing audiences who find no difficulty in taking Krishnamurti at her valuation.

Spiritualism has myriads of adherents, who crave some ground for belief in a life after death, and in their anguish are willing to accept the jugglery of " materializing séances " or to swallow the crass vulgarity of " trance-mediums,"— nay, even to obey the biddings of familiar spirits from the lowest abyss, that peep and mutter in the chambers of necromancy.

The last census shows over a hundred thousand who have turned aside to follow after the imaginations of a greedy impostor, because, echoing the old Serpent, she promises them that " they shall be as gods, they shall not surely die." And among those victims of a delusion which destroys soul

and body in a common perdition, are many who had rejected Christ and His mighty works on His own testimony, but now snatch eagerly at a phantasmal caricature of Him.

Atheistic Paris denies its Saviour, yet erects altars to Lucifer, before which the unnamable orgies of " the Black Mass " are performed. Lunatic Oriental cults, Babism and the like, find disciples, even as in the days of Roman decadence men turned from the religion of Numa to Mithras and Serapis.

Ah, you teachers of arid physical science, students of molecular forces, familiar with microscopic cells or tracing the vertiginous paths of nebulæ across the abyss of ether, your lenses, your retorts, your test-tubes, can do much; and all the truth you can ascertain thereby is God's truth. But they can not satisfy the deep-rooted desire in man's heart for that which transcends the material, the demonstrable, the scientific. Men will turn away from your formulas, to search even in forbidden ways for mystery, for the supernatural. Have you nothing better? No; but Christ's Holy Church, Pillar and Ground of the Truth, guards the true, the heavenly Supernatural, which alone can answer the question whether or no God does watch over the world He has created.

Admit that it would be absurd to reject Christianity merely because of its supernatural element; since miracle is at any rate possible with God, nay, rather probable. Still, we must face the problems as to how inseparable is the fabric of the Christian Faith from the miraculous element, and how valid is the evidence adduced for those miracles.

Consider, then, the founding and spread of the Christian Church, as an indisputable historical fact. A few unlearned peasants of a despised province set in motion a current which transformed a world empire in less than three centuries. It would be incredible, except that no one doubts it.

What wrought such a revolution? The truth of their teaching, approved by miracles. They set forth "Jesus and the Resurrection," and when men stumbled at the doctrine, they undertook in the Name of that same Jesus to heal the sick, to cast out devils, to raise the dead. The challenge was made openly; if they had failed, would the people have believed and been baptized? That they did believe is plain. Must we not then conclude that the Apostles did what they undertook to do?

It may be urged that false religions have claimed miraculous powers, too, from Jannes and Jambres to Apollonius of Tyana and the Indian faquirs of today. But there is this great difference: that the Scripture miracles are not idle displays of power, wrought only to astonish. Matthew Arnold scoffingly asks "What conviction would result if a man should turn a pen into a pen-wiper before our eyes?" But no such thing is recorded; there is always a Divine purpose to be discerned—the good of man and the furtherance of the Kingdom of Grace. The lying wonders of the heathen magicians have no such purpose; and many so-called "ecclesiastical miracles" among Roman Catholics of our time lend themselves, on that account, the more readily to the explanation of delusion or deceit. The Scriptural miracles always show a moral character; and they are so vitally interwoven in the tissue of the narrative, that to excise them would leave only a mangled ruin. Skilful surgery can remove an excrescence from the body without injuring health, because it has no essential connection with the bodily life. But attempt to dissect out the veins and arteries, and you may make an anatomical preparation—you will not leave a living form.

It is profitless, too, to think that the Faith can be commended to unbelievers by whittling down the *proportion* of the miraculous. You may sacrifice the floating axe-head;

you may explain the manna as a mere *lusus naturæ*; you may allege that Eutychus was only stunned, not actually killed, by his fall from the attic window. But if you have left the Virgin-Birth, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, what have you gained? It is an insult, to measure out so parsimoniously the amount of our assent to God's Word; and the greater must include the less. Our Lord set the seal of His Divine approbation upon the entire canon of the Old Testament; and in that He promised to be with His Church all the days, her recognition of the New Testament as God's Word too is His certification of its truth. So, whether it is the dead man raised to life by the touch of the prophet's bones, or the sick healed by handkerchiefs from the body of St. Paul, I bow my head in humble recognition of Omnipotence, and say with the Angelic Doctor in his sublimest hymn:

> *"I believe whatever God's own Son averred,*
> *Nothing can be truer than the Truth's own Word."*

Consider, too, the character of the witnesses to the crucial miracles of the New Testament. There is no conceivable motive for fraud; and they gave their lives in glad attestation of their sincerity. If human testimony has any value, they spoke truth. And unless we are willing to fall into the utter doubt of agnosticism, we must accept the record of the Gospel miracles as they stand.

It must not be forgotten (though I hesitate to press the point) that what we call miracle may be only the operation of general laws as yet unknown to us. So S. Austin hints, commenting on the miracle at Cana: "This turning of water into wine is no miracle to those who know that God worked it. For the same One made wine in the water-pots that day, Who every year makes wine in the vines; only the latter is no longer miraculous, because it happens uni-

formly." And we note, too, that Christ's miracles work towards the restoration of truly natural conditions. Seeing is more natural than blindness, hearing than deafness, health than disease. And even in raising the dead, they were *young* whom Christ called back from Hades, not the old, for whom death is naturally appointed. But we know too little to say more than that whatever God wills becomes Law so long as He wills it. "He spake and it was done; He commanded and they were created."

The whole question is a practical one. Is God *Almighty* today? Does He administer His creation as a Sovereign, or as an Engineer? Can we pray to Him with any hope that He will answer? If all were prearranged, prayer would be preposterous; fancy supplicating an engine to withhold a piston-stroke! But God does hear, does intervene, does overrule, does take events out from the operation of lower laws into a higher region. He is a Father, Who watches lovingly over His children; and His messages to them are full of such sweet reassurance. He is Almighty; and, contemplating His visible works, we are led to admire that inexhaustible Power which has not spent itself wholly upon what we see displayed in Nature, but has measureless possibilities of benediction for us all. We throw ourselves upon His goodness, secure in the knowledge that He can never fail us, because He cannot deny Himself. And every prayer answered is a fresh proof of the Supernatural.

To conclude: Miracles, to one who believes in God, are highly probable, and not contradictory to any other knowledge since they spring from the superabundant power and goodness of God. We Christians have the highest evidence for believing, not only in the abstract possibility of miracle, but in certain definite miraculous phenomena, recorded in authentic, contemporary writings. We see these miracles centering about the Person of One Whose own unique Life

is itself a manifest miracle of Holiness, and Who claimed to be the final Revelation of the Father's Wisdom, Power and Love. This Person is the Object of our worship, the Heart of our religion. And because He is unchanging, His supernatural grace enfolds us from the first moment of this new life implanted in us, to our death.

Holy Baptism is no bare legal ceremony; it is a heavenly sacrament which makes us the children of God, lifting us out of the physical and the psychical into the spiritual world. Confirmation consecrates us by the actual indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Absolution is a gracious ministry wherein the healing medicine from on high is applied to the wounds of our sins by the Good Physician Himself. In the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood, He gives us more abundantly the Life that He came into the world to bestow. Nay, even for the agony of bodily pain, He has endowed His Church with a supernatural ministry of healing, the true antidote to all impostures of man's or woman's devising: "Is any sick among you, let him send for the presbyters of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him."

From birth to death, the child of God is surrounded by the Supernatural. God's angels are about his ways; God's saints are witnesses of his struggle. Were his eyes opened, that he might see, how should he behold the mountains full of chariots and horsemen! Could his ears be unstopped, how should he hear in the tree-tops the sound of a going and know that the Lord of Sabaoth was fighting for him! He traces the dread sign of the Son of Man, and Satan flees discomfited. He lifts up holy hands in prayer, and lo! he unites his will to Omnipotence!

What wonder is it that as we meditate on all this super-

natural element in our life and faith, we exclaim with the Psalmist: "O Lord, how glorious are thy works; thy thoughts are very deep!" And if men rail scoffingly at our "superstition," our "unscientific folly," we have an answer by inspiration of God, for them and for ourselves: "An unwise man doth not well consider this; and a fool doth not understand it." But as for me, "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands."

REV. EVERETT CARLETON HERRICK

Rev. Everett Carleton Herrick, inaugurated President of Newton Theological Institution, Newton Center, Mass., November, 1926, was for twelve years Minister of the great First Baptist Church, Fall River, Mass. He was born in Livermore, Me., the son of a Minister; he is a graduate of Colby College and Newton Theological Institution, having also done post-graduate work in Harvard. Colby College, in 1919, conferred upon Mr. Herrick the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Under his pastorate in Fall River the church membership doubled, and upon his departure it numbered 1,800 members. He was also teacher of the widely famed Men's Class of nearly a thousand members. In his new duties as President of an important school of higher education, his genial, kind, careful, scholarly attitude is already having marked effect. This sermon, " The Anchor of Experience," prepared since he became President, shows the religious, brotherly nature of a man now in constant demand, from the conference room to the public platform.

V

THE ANCHOR OF EXPERIENCE

President Everett C. Herrick

"Last of all, he was seen of me."—I Corinthians 15:8.

They are only eight small words but they encompass a wonderful meaning. Within them is the turning point of a great life, and that life, a turning point in the history of the world.

The final and all important appearance of Jesus is His appearance to you. Last of all, he was seen of you. This experience is the spiritual turning point of any life. If you have never seen Him on your own Damascus road, do not scorn the vision of those who have. Pray rather that you may see Him. If you have seen Him, hold to that vision as the very anchor of your soul.

In one of his recent essays, Dean Inge has reminded us that "The center of gravity in religion has shifted from authority and tradition to experience. The evidences of religion are no longer external and miraculous; they are those which faith itself supplies. For example, the apologists of the past invited us to believe that Christ is risen, which is what we want to know, by marshalling the evidence that He rose. The believer today, whether he knows it or not, infers that Christ arose, because he feels and knows that He is risen. In his humble measure he can say with St. Paul, "It pleased God to reveal His Son in me."

The old forms of authority still survive outwardly, but their power is largely diminished. They stand like grim and

forbiding fortresses, relics of by-gone days; but the troops have marched out. In the great days of the Temporal Power, the ban of ex-communication against a rebellious Ruler or State was a very terrible thing. It combined the dire threat of spiritual anathema with the disaster of the economic boycott. It would mean little, however, if it was hurled against a modern government. We are living in a different age; yet in these very days, we have had striking evidence that no government can succeed in stamping out religion because religion is built upon the emotions and experiences of people.

In the early days of Protestantism as we have so often been told, the authority of the Scriptures was substituted for the authority of the church. The Bible was a book of constitutions. When it could be quoted with a " Thus saith the Lord," it was thought to be final in the realm of religious authority. But the interpretations of the book were anything but final and the enemies of the Reformed Churches said that the Bible instead of being a Rock upon which Protestantism would build would be a rock upon which it would split. In the end, every man would insist upon the right to interpret the Bible for himself; and this, let us willingly admit, is just as it should be. The Bible is every man's book. The last interpretation is your own. Search the Scriptures for yourself and pray that in their luminous pages the Eternal Christ may be seen of you.

Paul was familiar with the recorded appearances of the risen Christ. By his day, they had become something of a tradition. He was not himself an eye-witness to them but he accepted them on the testimony of others. He added one more, it was his own. All the significance of the rest depended, for him, on this one. Otherwise, the others would have continued in his mind as delusions and heresies to be stamped out and destroyed.

This should be true of us. The significance of the Gospel of Christ so far as you are concerned, depends upon what you yourself have experienced. Experience, and not authority, is your anchor. It is the same idea that Peter expressed when he wrote to the elect strangers scattered abroad. "If so be, you have tasted that the Lord is gracious." If I am healthy and hungry, I do not want a lecture on dietetics. I want a good square meal. I can better endure the lecture afterwards. Eating is an experience we can all understand and we can understand it too if we have, as the Psalmist said, "tasted the Lord and found him good."

Did Mary see Him? Did Peter see Him? Did the disciples see Him without Thomas? Did Thomas see Him afterwards with the rest? Did those fortunate disciples see Him on their walk to Emmaus? The records say, yes. But have YOU seen Him? This is the all important question.

Here is a humble Christian whose trust has been his stay. As Whittier sings so surely "The dear Lord's best interpreters are humble human souls." On a day when he is unprepared, he encounters the skeptic. He is thrown into perplexity. What will he do? It seems as if he were suddenly adrift. Let him throw out the anchor of his own experience. It will hold.

There was the case of the blind man whom Jesus healed. We are reminded by this moving narrative that there are few unmixed blessings in life. Things are seldom as bad as they are painted and almost never as good as they are represented. The blind man had received the great boon of his sight but he found himself involved in an entangling examination both legal and theological. He was being used as evidence that Jesus was like a physician practicing medicine without a license and also as an exhibit in the ancient theological puzzle as to the cause and consequence of sin. It is no wonder that the worm turned at last and he flung

back in the faces of his inquisitors the question "Do you wish to be His disciples, too?" He was thrown on his great experience and it gave him confidence. "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, I now see." Your experience should make you bold. You may not know how to answer the hard questions of life but you do know what Christ means to you.

There are two lessons that we may do well to learn from this consideration. One is that we should respect our own religious experiences. I do not know what your deep and inner experience of Christ may be, but it is your own. It is your anchor. You should hold to it, remembering that in the time of storm it will hold you. We often do an injustice to ourselves, thinking we have somehow failed because we have not had the experiences that others have had. We think there may be something lacking in our own spiritual lives, because we cannot match the experiences that others relate. As a child, I remember the familiar expressions which were used by the saints who impressed me as being fearfully venerable. I recall one man who would frequently tell about his conversion and how he was under such deep conviction of sin that it kept him awake all night and how he wrestled like Jacob in prayer until at last the spiritual light came with the dawn of the morning light. Far be it from me to question the veracity of such stout souls long gone to their rest. Yet I must say that he did harm to me as a child. He made me think that I ought to stay awake all night under deep conviction of sin and I simply could not do it. Being a healthy lad, I went to sleep. There has been more reason for doing it in later years. But God is able to reveal His Son unto you and let us be thankful too that we are coming to realize that He can reveal His Son also through the sweet expanding soul of your child.

This saves us from needless anxiety about the Bible and

the written record. The inspired word for you to preserve and defend is the one in your own soul. We have often seen anxious and staunch believers seeking to defend the Bible against all the assaults of skepticism and unbelief. They have sometimes reminded me of a man I once saw sprinkling his garden in the midst of a copious shower. God is the Eternal Defender of His own truth. If you have ever been on this Damascus road of your own and met Christ in your own way, that is the great and important event in your spiritual pilgrimage. Last of all he was seen of you.

And this should teach us also to respect the experiences of others. There are not many of us who would have much respect for the religion of a Samaritan woman had we lived in Jesus' time, 2,000 years ago. We would undoubtedly have shared the religious prejudices of that day. But Jesus respected the religion of his neighbors in Samaria. He gave to her the greatest religious adventure of all her life. And he left with her the sublimest utterances of spiritual worship of which the Gospel knows.

Around us are a variety of churches. Every one is a House of God. Every one is dear to someone. Every one is a place for spiritual experience. There are many ways of seeing Jesus. The Stations of the Cross may not help you but they help your neighbor. Some may see Him in quiet prayer and meditation; some in the humble service of those whom He called his brothers and ours. Some may see Him in unfettered freedom of thought. Some dimly through the mists of doubt; some may see Him through old and cherished formulas; some through ancient and hallowed rituals. What does it matter if we only see Him?

"O Thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reached a purer air,
Whose faith has center everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays
Her early heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadow's hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

"Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good,
O sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine."

Treat the religion of your neighbor as you would like to have him treat yours. It is a rather sever-arraignment of our so-called Christian generation that there is sometimes less of the Golden Rule in our Religion than in our business. I have seen a man who in some measure at least would treat his competitor fairly, seeking to do by him in the world of commerce as he would like to have his competitor do by him and at the same time treat his religion with scorn and even with hatred because it chanced to be different from his own. We have travelled a long way in the love of God when we have learned to respect the religious experience of others.

He was seen of the old-time witnesses. He was seen of Paul on that revolutionary journey to Damascus. He has been seen in inner experience and transforming power by a countless host that no man can number. That vision is still the guiding star of humanity. But last of all and most of all, he must be seen of you.

REV. ARCTURUS Z. CONRAD

Rev. Arcturus Z. Conrad, Minister of the Park Street Congregational Church, Boston, since 1905, was born in Shiloh, Indiana, and received A.B., A.M., and D.D. degrees from Carleton College, and the Ph.D., degree from New York University. He was ordained a Minister of the Presbyterian Church in 1885, and held pastorates in Brooklyn, N. Y., and Worcester, Mass. Since 1905 he has declined calls to pastorates in London, Seattle, Albany, and New York. He is also professor in Gordon College of Theology, Boston. He is author of several volumes, including *Jesus At the Crossroads,* and of the recent and much praised *Comrades of the Carpenter.* His sermon, " The Angel of His Presence," is on rather an unusual subject, but is highly interesting and helpful.

VI

THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE

Rev. A. Z. Conrad, D.D.

"And the angel of his presence saved them."—Isaiah 63:9.

I. WHO IS HE?

What does God care about you? What does God care about me? Is there any evidence that He cares at all? If there is, how convincing is it? Why should the Infinite interest Himself in the finite? Why should He not? There is much in the way we put the question to ourselves. An inflection carries with it all the difference between doubt and conviction. This much is evident, God knows whether He cares and how much. That He says He cares is evident to all who accept the teachings of His Book. Through appointed agents He has written a record of His interest. This writing we call the Book, the Bible. Every inquiry I propound regarding my relations to God and His relations to me, finds answer in the Book. If I ask what He is willing to do with and for me, He points me to the promises of the Bible as a heaven full of stars. If I wish assurance of His continued aid, my eye is directed to the seven-hued bow arching my sky and resting upon the mountain peak of sacrifice on the one hand, and the mountain range of providences on the other. If I ask what He is able to do for me, He replies in the words of Christ to the messengers of John the Baptist: "Go and tell what ye have seen and heard. The blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the

lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised up." Do I represent my need in the metaphor of hunger? Lo, the sky is filled with manna. Do I feel my want as thirst? Then the gushing waters of a never-exhausted fountain cheer my soul.

I stumble in the darkness of doubt and uncertainty. I cry for light, and lo, my way is flooded with the light of another world, and with the light, a voice: "I am the Light of the World." I faint with weariness, and from somewhere comes a message to my soul clear as a trumpet tone: "Fear not, I am with thee; be not dismayed, I will strengthen thee." I feel myself drifting upon the great sea, but no sooner do I ask for latitude and longitude than a chart is placed in my hands, a compass is set before me, a sextant, finely graduated, is delivered to me, and a voice says: "I will pilot thee." I am enthralled and as suddenly delivered. I seize the kaleidoscope of successive duties, when behold, a beautiful pattern unexpected is before me. Some other mind than mine was arranging all. Stitch after stitch is drawn, and I wonder what the meaning of it all may be, but by and by I discover a life tapestry of exquisite design. Somehow or other, a form, a face is projected again and again upon my field of vision. I am made conscious that Some One is concerning Himself with my affairs. Were I sitting in my room where repeated flashes of light on table and wall should arrest my attention, I would conclude that some one was holding a mirror to the sun and bringing its glory to my presence. You walk along a country road upon a dark night. All at once and unexpectedly a bright, beautiful light envelops you and brightens the way until it is as clear as noon-day. You will conclude that some one is interested in your progress. Sailing one evening among the Thousand Islands, the deck of our steamer was suddenly flooded with light. The water before us was like a high-

way of polished silver. A searchlight had been turned on us. In some such way, or in manifold ways, it is made clear to us that an invisible, intangible, yet real Presence is watching over us, willing for us, doing for us. No other cause can explain the results. Though there is neither perceptible vision nor audible tone, yet we know Some One is near. How should we treat the mystery? There are three ways: One is to attribute it to a morbid fancy, and thus deny it altogether. Another is to reduce it until it comes within the compass of the mind, so that it may be defined or analyzed. And still another way is to *grow to the mystery*. Thus some people treat miracles with contempt. They cut down the supernatural to the limits of the mind. Others accept the evidence, recognize the mystery, and proceed to grow toward it until it ceases to be inexplicable. The whole question is this: Do we want merely the fragments of truth which will fit our capacity, or do we want an increased capacity which will encompass the whole truth? Christian wisdom enjoins the latter.

Our text is wonderfully suggestive. It breathes to us from an ethereal atmosphere. There is a celestial aspect in the message. It is a streamer of light and it challenges us to find the sun. It is a daybreak halo prophesying noon effulgence. There are lengthening shadows, mysterious forms, messages of light and of truth in our thought as we read the text. It has in it a warmth which leads us to search for fire. There is no question as to the voice, but where are the lips which utter it? Who is He, this "Angel of His Presence?" He is the Uncreated One. He came to Eden, and called to the fugitives: "Where art thou?" In a pillar of fire He led the delivered hosts across the parted sea when the children of Israel fled from Pharaoh. In the silence which followed fire and thunder He spake to Elijah. He unveiled Himself in heavenly visions to the prophets and through them spake

to the world. He is elsewhere called "The Wonderful," the "Counselor," the "Prince of Peace." St. John calls Him the "Word;" the apostle calls Him the "Brightness of the Father's Glory." He appeared to Gideon, the hero of Ophra. Then He came to the world in the fullness of time as the Messiah. He is the one designated as "The Angel of His Presence." There are beautiful shades of meaning to this text. The thought of the messenger is paramount: one coming to earth to help, to deliver, to uphold, to protect, to fill with happiness. We are familiar with this thought, for "angel" means "messenger," but nowhere else than here would we read "The angel of His presence."

II. HIS PRESENCE

In other places the term "Angel of the Lord," or "Angel of Jehovah" is employed. With a delicacy of touch which gives a new picture, the prophet artist portrays the messenger as one *abiding near*. It emphasizes the *closeness* of God to His creatures. It clearly implies fellowship. It speaks emphatically of interest, concern, solicitous anxiety. No more precious thought can be brought to the human mind than the thought that God is accessible; but when we have added to that the idea that He is not waiting for us to seek Him, but is already seeking us, the heart finds cause for complete satisfaction. It would be difficult to state more clearly the fact of the personality of God. With beautiful definiteness He is declared as a person, a commissioned One to seek the interest and attention of men. In all of our need we are sure of acceptance and recognition when we turn to Him. He is never beyond our reach. He follows us whithersoever we go.

His eye never slumbers. He never becomes weary of the petitions of His children. He is sanctifyingly near to every

heart. The Omnipresence of God is a doctrine clearly evolved from our text. In order to be the Saviour, He must be accessible to each one, and enter into the experiences of earth's millions. But even though He be accessible to each one because of His omnipresence, He can be the motive power of life, the benefactor, the upbuilder, *only* by acting in our behalf; hence we have Divine *interpositions.* To interpose means to come between us and some consequence which would naturally follow. This consequence is avoided and a better thing insured through the coming of this new factor, just as a ball, rolling across the floor, certain to strike some object before it, is made to strike another object when you reach out your hand and apply force, giving it a new direction. We cannot see all of the forces and factors possible in life, nor do we believe nature as such (that is, the material world), contains all the forces possible. We cannot doubt that ordinarily, nature is permitted to take her course, but whenever there are sufficient reasons, we are clearly taught that the new and unexpected factor is introduced, the life is given another bent, and the results are changed. This does not always imply a miracle. We do not know how often, or to what extent, God is every day and every hour intervening in our behalf. The reasons why we think as we do, act as we do, are not explicable on the basis of the factors and forces with which we are acquainted. The most natural explanation and that which presents the least difficulty is that the Angel of His Presence is taking a paramount part in the lives of the children of the King. Through coöperation the greatest work of life is alone possible. The Angel of His Presence is not near us as an observer merely. We are not to think of Him as standing with an account book or time record taking account of our failures, making an inventory for the sake of holding us to account for our remissness. The supreme purpose of God's

coming to earth was salvation and coöperation. He could thus reveal Himself in such loving tenderness as to appeal to the hearts of men and win them away from worldliness, wickedness, sin. This presence which is so real is impalpable; the natural senses cannot comprehend or behold the presence. You cannot take the stature of the angel. No instruments are sufficiently delicate to determine the swiftness of His flight, but, despite all this, He can so intimately fellowship with the invisible, intangible, real self, the spirit which is ourselves, that conscious power, security and peace may be realized at their best.

III. OCCULT EMANATIONS OF COMPASSION

The difficulty with us is the coarseness of our fibre. There is not sufficient delicacy in thought and feeling. We must *see* the flash of lightning, else we will not believe in electric currents. We must *hear* the thunder, else we shall doubt the might of those invisible forces to smite the earth. The more beautiful truth is that without noise and demonstration. In a kind of secret silence, earth's richest gifts are brought and her most secret messages are received. The fruit which weighs the orchard bough came to its perfection without sound. The flower whose perfect form and color pleases the eye is the result of laboratory work, complicated, delicate, marvelous. The selection of exactly the right substances in the right quantities proceeded without the slightest appearance to the world. There was neither detonation nor flashes of light. If this be true in the world of nature, how much more probable that in that highest of all fruit, a Godly and noble character, in its most important stages of growth, the most potent influences operated to produce it should be without any noisy display, through quiet and unobtrusive methods. "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the Angel of His Presence saved them."

The thought is the occult emanations of compassion. We are the recipients of life-giving truth which a prepared soul will absorb as the leaf draws life from the atmosphere. God *feels* our sorrows. God pities our thraldom, and just as mind pours itself through mysterious channels to mind and one life influences another, so the vitalizing energy of Jehovah like a life fluid courses through our spiritual nature. This is possible only because of the incarnation, the life and sufferings of Christ. It is impossible that one can understand fully how to sympathize with another in sorrow unless he has also experienced a kindred sorrow. Those who have passed through the same way we are going know how to pity our griefs and help our infirmities. This the Angel of His Presence did. Hence the closeness of the bond which unites us to our Redeemer. Life at its best is neither known, nor can it be enjoyed until we *identify our own lives with God.* Repeatedly Jesus declared the identity of His own interests with those of His own children. " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Not only does the Angel of His Presence compassionate our sorrows by acquainting Himself with our griefs, but He offers to bear our burdens when they are beyond our strength, and also purposes to infuse a new life energy, to impart of His own strength for us up to the highest point of our requirements. His presence is a potential presence; one fraught with immeasurable good. No soul can exhaust His bounty. No one can impoverish by drawing upon His wealth and power. He waits to be called upon, and His highest glory is in self-giving. We can most honor Him by most soliciting His aid. It is the Angel of His Presence which gives us the highest ideals of life. To recognize His nearness is to tone up our ideals and conceptions. It is to make our own lives more bountiful as well as more beautiful.

IV. SAVED

"The Angel of His Presence *saved* them." No word is more full of meaning than this single word "saved." Nothing signifies so much to the shipwrecked mariner or to one wandering lost in the fastnesses of a forest. Indeed, wherever you can postulate of a mortal being "lost," the word sweetest to such an one is "saved." Salvation is through a personal agency. Its initial processes are in the heart of the Infinite. In its subsequent stages coöperation is indispensable. No one has power to save, even though he will to do so, but Jehovah. His saving purpose must be recognized. To a coarse nature this is impossible. However near He may be, He is not discerned except by the heart throbbing with righteous impulse. Even the sinner does not recognize a Saviour until he determines to repent of his sins. Jesus Christ does not appear gracious, powerful, beautiful, to the unrepentant, obdurate, self-seeking soul. Spiritual sensitiveness determines the fullness with which we receive Revelation. Five hawsers stretched parallel to each other might be pounded with a sledge-hammer, but would emit no music; but when the delicate string of the violin is thrummed it sets in vibration the harp strings of the heart, and the music is discerned and thrills the soul. There must be music in the heart before there will ever be music outside of it. There must be a susceptibility to divine music before God can reveal His lovliest messages to the soul. Only a clear atmosphere will permit the discovery of beauty. Immorality befogs, darkens, obscures; therefore the immoral life cannot know the things which be of God. Holy living is indispensable to the reception of an understanding of Revelation. The most perfect camera is useless even in the hands of a professional when the atmosphere is charged with mist. No matter how strong the intellect, how keen the perception, the heavenly message cannot be dis-

cerned if the soul's atmosphere is charged with impiety and unbelief. The paralyzed limb feels no fire. The delicate touch of celestial fingers awakens no emotion in the sin-engrossed life. When we begin to be saved, we begin to live; the sensibilities are refined, the will is strengthened, resolutions become mighty. The benefits of the saving grace of Christ are beyond estimate. He saves from the gnawing of conscience and rids us of the sense of guilt which we have, or ought to have, until conscious of pardon. He saves us from insensibility; from grossness, self-satisfaction, avariciousness and the long train of iniquities which blacken character. He saves us from failure; from depression. No one who is without the consciousness of divine aid will fail sometime to become disheartened. Discouragements are natural in view of the ineffectiveness of much we do. Our plans miscarry. Our pleasures of a worldly nature grow less, and from depression it is but a single step to desperation. The Bible is full of history vindicating the claim of the "Angel of His Presence" to saving power. Sometimes this saving grace was exemplified in wholesale deliverance, as when the children of Israel were led forth, but the most conspicuous illustrations are individual. Out of the mouths of lions, out of strong barred prisons, out of raging sea tempests, out of the devouring flame, God led His trusting ones. And to those who would not accept physical deliverance He gave power to sing hymns of praise with their last expiring breath. The Angel of His Presence saves from fear. How indifferent to the machinations of evil men becomes the heart assured that God is near, approvingly, savingly. The Angel of His Presence saves from dangers within and without. He creates new impulses; gives new governing purposes. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. Deliverance is with the angel of the covenant. He makes what we call death

an embarking upon the great deeps of divine love. To the Christian death is not an end, but a beginning. It is not an anchoring in a foreign harbor. It is embarking for larger service. Under the escort of the Angel of His Presence, death is a deliverance, a cutting loose, a letting go, the escape of an imprisoned soul. It is the beginning of liberty. The eye may not look back, but forward. We are saved *unto* something, as well as *from* something. We are saved *unto* power, progress, peace, abiding joy. We are saved unto Life Eternal. The Christian is not pushed along the pathway by a Power behind him so much as beckoned to nobler activity, deeper delight, more glorious achievement, by the Angel of His Presence, who precedes, prepares the way, and even calls from the pearly gates: "In the father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

REV. HENRY CLINTON HAY

Rev. Henry Clinton Hay was dedicated to the ministry by his mother in early childhood, but wisely she did not make the fact known to him until after he had entered upon his work. One day Newman Hall, London's great preacher, said to him, " I hear you are studying for the ministry." Then, looking earnestly into his eyes, he added, " Don't work for money, don't work for fame, but work to do good, and you will be taken care of." This advice made a lasting impression upon the young man. Mr. Hay was born in Portland, Me., and is a graduate of Harvard University. When a sophomore in Harvard he organized the Young People's Society of the Swedenborgian Church which is now nation wide; it antedates the Society of Christian Endeavor by six years. His previous pastorates have been in Providence, R. I., and Brockton, Mass. His present pastorate is the Church of the New Jerusalem, Boston, Mass., and is now in its twenty-fifth year. He is Vice-President of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches. His sermon on " The Church's Great Message " is an admirable treatment of the eternal theme of God's love, and if it were not known that he is a Swedenborgian one would guess, from his sermon, any one of a dozen or more denominations. This sermon helps us to get deeper than denominational barriers.

VII

THE CHURCH'S GREAT MESSAGE

HENRY CLINTON HAY

"For God so loved the world."—John 3:16.

It may be easy for us now to believe these words. But do you think it was easy for Nicodemus to believe them? The whole Christian gospel depends upon them, for they explain why the Lord Jesus came into the world. They contain the Church's great message.

Nicodemus was a member of the Sanhedrin, the governing body of the Church of Israel. He was well informed of its history, its laws, its covenant with God at Mount Sinai, by which it became the Lord's chosen people—chosen to receive the sacred Scriptures in their own lives, and keep them safe.

Nicodemus knew how they had failed to do their part of the covenant. He knew how, even at Sinai, while Moses was in the mountain receiving the tables of the covenant from the Lord, the people had broken away into the wild revelries of idolatry, worshiping the symbol of earthly pleasures in the golden calf. He knew how they had repeated in many ways their breaking of the covenant again and again, all down through their history, until at last, on account of their disloyalty, they had been carried away into captivity. He knew how the prophets, sent unto them to warn them again and again, and bring them back into fidelity, had been stoned and rejected. Well might he believe that God's love had been lost by all this unworthiness, notwithstanding His favors to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; and

His promises of peculiar blessings for their seed, if they would keep the covenant of their fathers. But they had failed to keep it, and hot was the wrath therefore proclaimed by the prophets, and swift and sure the retribution. And yet, mingled with the denunciations ever and anon, the everlasting love of the Father would find expression in invitations, aye, urgings, to repent and return, and promises of release from captivity, and of restoration to the blessings which had been forfeited.

So it may not have been so very difficult for Nicodemus to believe the words of our text, saying, " For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

And yet this might not remove from the mind of Nicodemus the thought of an offended and angry God who had every reason to be angry and to punish. But it would assure him that within and above the wrath, the great father-love continued like the sun shining within and above the clouds of the most terrific tempest.

This, then, is the revelation of God in the letter of the Old Testament: a God of infinite love, abiding deep within the anger which the disobedience of His wayward people had provoked.

The love, then, appears to be for those who obey Him, and so please Him; the anger for those who disobey Him, and thus become His enemies. We find it summed up for us in the closing words of the first commandment of the covenant, saying, " I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."

With this background for his thinking, Nicodemus came to our Lord, seeking to learn the way into the kingdom of God. He came in the night of such belief in a God of wrath; and the Lord's great message to him was to bring light and warmth into that darkness, saying, " God sent not his Son into the world in anger to condemn it; but in love to save it." Nicodemus was thinking of escape from the hell of the divine wrath. The Lord wished to lift his thoughts to the heaven of divine love.

This was the difficulty which He met in all His disciples, for they were all Jews, you know, and had the same background with Nicodemus. One day, when He was passing through Samaria, He sent some of His disciples ahead to a village to arrange for His staying there; but the villagers refused to receive Him because He was journeying to Jerusalem, and they hated the Jews. In anger His disciples hurried back with the insult, asking, " Lord, wilt thou that we bid a fire to come down from heaven, and consume them? " But He turned and rebuked them, saying, " Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." " For God so loved the world . . . that he sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."

So, the Christian Church, with such a background of thought in the Jewish church from which it sprang, and in the idol-worshiping world of that day, whose one purpose in worshiping its idols with sacrifices was to expiate and escape the wrath of offended deities. So the Christian Church was concerned more with the anger of God than with His love. It understood our text means that the offended Father must have expiation for the sins of humanity and that He so loved the world that He was willing to sacrifice His only-begotten Son, the greatest treasure He had, to save the

guilty world from the consequences of its sin. He so loved the world that His sense of justice gave way before His love. In other words, He was so influenced by His feelings of love for the world that He sacrificed His feelings of love for His Son, and determined to let the innocent suffer for the guilty. For long centuries this was the great message of the Christian Church, embodied in the dogma of the vicarious atonement, namely, that God so loved the world that He let His only-begotten Son suffer and die for the world that had angered Him. This continued to be the teaching of a considerable part of the Christian Church even down to the time when Whittier wrote his beautiful hymn on the Eternal Goodness, in which he says in part:

"O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet isles of prayer;
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

"I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong;
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

"But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak,
My heart within me pleads.

"I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

"Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

"The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate—I know
His goodness and His love."

Not until the time of His second coming by unfolding the deeper spiritual meaning of His sacred Scriptures, therefore, did the Lord succeed in making His great message understood, saying, "For God so loved the world." Now we know that His meaning is that He so loved the world that He never did, and never could, get angry with it at all. For anger is not an attribute of love, much less of infinite love. Anger is an attribute of selfishness, and it subsides into hatred when the excitement of being opposed has passed. Infinite love means perfect love, without a flaw of selfishness or anger or hate. It was exemplified in our Lord Jesus on the cross, loving to the uttermost, and with His last breath praying for His enemies who were crucifying Him, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Had He not declared a little while before, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But this was going even farther, and laying down His life for His enemies. And this, too, was in full accordance with His teaching, for He had said in His Sermon on the Mount, "I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Why? Because it is Christlike? Yes, certainly, He did it on the cross and always. But He gives another reason in this instance. He says, "That ye may be children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust."

Then the Father is not the angry God—"angry with the wicked every day"—as He was formerly thought to be, and as the letter of the Old Testament Scriptures in some places says. And the Lord Jesus on the cross was simply making the Father's love manifest. Indeed, the Lord Jesus was one with the Father, as He declares Himself to be, and when we

have seen Him we have seen the Father, God Himself, in human life, " Immanuel, God with us."

This, then, is the Church's great message today, the love of the Lord Jesus is the love of God the Father. When we behold it upon the cross praying for the enemies who crucify Him, and blessing them that curse Him; when we behold it day by day in His earthly life, healing the sick, forgiving the penitent, raising the dead, preaching the gospel to the poor, and in compassion feeding the hungry multitudes, and doing good of every kind, everywhere, every day, we may rest assured that it is the love of the Father being made manifest in Him. And when we hear Him say, " Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," we may come with the assurance that we are coming to God the Father Himself, thus making His love manifest in a human life of His own, taken upon Himself by Virgin Birth. Coming to the Lord Jesus for rest to the soul we are coming to the Father Himself in human life, to Jehovah the Saviour, for we must never forget that the name Jesus in Hebrew is the name " Jehovah the Saviour."

So this is the great message of the Church of the Lord in His second coming, which has had place by the unfolding of the spiritual meaning stored up within the meaning of the letter of the sacred Scriptures, namely: that the unfailing and perfect love of Jesus is the love of the Father. " For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," His own love in human life, to save the world.

And the world needs this great message now, for the dread of the wrath of God lies at the foundation of all human fear of the consequences of evil. Such is the natural appearance in all evil and distress. The minister of the gospel meets it every day. The feeling of estrangement from God comes into all suffering. " What have I done, that God should bring this punishment upon me? " is always the sufferer's

cry; and he needs the assurance again and again, that the suffering is not a punishment from God—that it is not from God at all; that He does not wish it, nor will it in the least, and that His whole heart is enlisted to prevent it as far as possible without doing a spiritual and eternal harm to the sufferer. But the feeling of estrangement is wholly in us, not a particle of it is in God.

Whittier was reaching out after this great and important truth when he wrote, saying,

"I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail—cries,
The world confess its sin.

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good."

Yes, God is good and infinitely loving through it all. And that is why He came into human life, not in the least to condemn the world, but to save the world. And so we find Him in the gospels wherever sorrow and suffering is, recognizing that it all comes from the sins of mankind, and yet never in anger, always in love and compassion doing His utmost to forgive by undoing the entanglements of evil.

This, then, is the great message of the Church from Him today, which every sufferer needs to know, that God, the heavenly Father, is always close at hand in the Lord Jesus, having all power in heaven and on earth, to love and sympathize, to comfort and forgive, encourage and strengthen, to bear the cross with us, and in us, and lift us up into eternal life with Himself, even as He promised, saying, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," all men who lift Him up to the throne of God in their hearts. So God loves the world.

RABBI HARRY LEVI

Rabbi Harry Levi, Rabbi of Temple Israel, Boston, since 1911, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, and received the A.B. degree from the University of Cincinnati. Formerly he was Rabbi of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, and later, for fourteen years, Rabbi of Wheeling, W. Va., Hebrew Temple, coming from there to Boston. He is author of *Jewish Characters in Fiction.* He is very willing to address Gentile Congregations from time to time, and is very widely sought by them as a helpful and convincing speaker. His sermon, "The Art of Living Together," is a stirring plea for the removal of barriers which keep peoples apart.

VIII

THE ART OF LIVING TOGETHER

Rabbi Harry Levi

Emerson was right when he said that the most difficult of all arts to learn is the art of living together. Certain it is that we as yet know little of it. For that matter we know little of the art of living. With all that history has taught us, spite of the fact that history is lived for our benefit, that it repeats itself that we may enrich our own days, that there is so much we can learn from the experiences of their race, indeed from our own experience, we do not live as long, as well or as efficiently as we could and should. But little as we know of the art of living, we know still less of the art of living together. As a matter of fact, it is a question as to whether we really do live together. Physically we may be neighbors. Spiritually we are strangers. It could hardly be otherwise, considering how little we know of each other. But then there is so little we know in any direction. We know little of ourselves. We know so little even of the members of our own families. To what extent can parents these days plumb the depths of their children's minds, dreams and lives? And how far do children understand their own parents? Is it surprising that we know so little of our neighbors, considering that though they may live across the way they are to all intents and purposes still strangers to us? How many lonesome people there are in our large cities. There is no place in which one can be so much alone, and live so unknown and uncared for, as in a

large city. How can we know each other when we live so apart, and how can we live together when we seldom if ever meet?

Pity the stranger, however, not merely because he lives and moves about alone, but because, being unknown, he so easily becomes the victim of misunderstanding. Scenically, distance may lend enchantment to the view; socially, never. It makes only for suspicion, for fear, for dislike. Dr. William J. Mayo recently declared that a man who attends a spiritualistic séance in the dark, surrenders 95 per cent of his intelligence. In the dark we do not think, we only feel and fear. We always fear when and what we do not know or understand. And fear is the mother of hate. And hate gives quick birth to a desire to do violence. We would undo the object of our fears that we may fear no more. John Jay Chapman, in an article in a recent issue of the *Forum* magazine, declares that practically all the difficulties we Americans know spring from a fear complex that obsesses us. But fears make for more than worry. They are responsible for most of our cruelties, brutalities and barbarities. In his *Twenty-five Years*, Lord Grey traces the world war to the unwarranted fears which the great nations of the earth have so long entertained for each other. "After 1870," he says, "Germany had no reason to be afraid, but she fortified herself with armaments and the Triple Alliance in order that she might never have reason to be afraid in future. France naturally was afraid after 1870, and she made her military preparations and the Dual Alliance (with Russia). Britain, with a very small army and a very large empire, became first uncomfortable and then (particularly when Germany began a big-fleet program) afraid of isolation. She made the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, made up her quarrels with France and Russia, and entered into the Entente. Finally, Germany became afraid that she would presently be afraid, and

struck the blow, while she believed her power to be still invincible. Heaven alone knows the whole truth about human affairs, but I believe the above sketch to be as near to a true statement of the causes of war as an ordinary intelligence can get in a few sentences." How can we live at peace, how can we live together, so long as we fear and suspect and hate? To live together we must know. And to know we must live together.

Where lies the remedy? If our troubles spring from the fact that we remain too far apart, then the cure lies in getting closer together. We cure a horse of shying by forcing him close to the innocent object he fears. We try to rid children of the devastating effects of fear by bringing them into touch with the things of which they are afraid. Do they fear the dark? Then we remain in the dark with them, until they realize that there is in darkness nothing to strike terror to their hearts. We train wild animals these days not by cruelty, not by making them fear, but by robbing them of fear, until they count their trainers not their enemies but their friends. In her recent book, *Making Friends with Life,* Anne Allinson tells the tale of a little boy who dreamed nightly that he saw a wild animal approaching, and awoke regularly from his sleep with a shriek of horror. Hearing the story, the old family physician bade the boy, when next he had the dream, to advance toward the animal and extend his hand in friendly greeting. That night the boy slept undisturbed. We all know the legend of the man wandering across the mountain top. In the distance he saw what he thought was a wild animal. On closer approach he found it to be a man. And when he came upon the man he found it to be his own brother. At a distance, often men we do not know seem to us merely animals. When we learn to live together we discover they are our very brothers.

Eight years ago we concluded the great world war. We

said then that this was to be the last war of history. It was this belief that comforted us for the terrible price the war had cost. Now almost daily we are told that new wars may occur any day, that the next war is as inevitable as the rising of tomorrow's sun. Why? Why must we have wars? Why must we fight and slaughter our fellows?

We are given many and varied reasons. Man is a warlike animal. Man must fight. Civilization is only a veneer. At heart we humans are only beasts. War, we are told, is the inevitable price of commercial rivalry. We lack sufficient commerce for all the people of the world and we must fight for our share of it. The area of the earth is inadequate for our growing populations. Hence countries like Germany and Japan must war on weaker peoples to provide for their own expansion. We are even told that our own numbers are developing so rapidly that the time is not distant when we shall have to invade other lands and appropriate territory for our surplus population. Then the philosophy of Malthus is repeated. Our growing food supplies do not keep pace with our increasing population. We must have wars as we have plagues and famines to reduce our ranks and make our food supply adequate.

I wonder that we do not stop to think that wars may be due to international ignorance, that we fight because we are afraid, afraid that other peoples will do us harm, that because we so fear we insist on arming ourselves, and that our fears are born of our lack of knowledge. We do not fear what we know. We do not hate what we know. And we do not war when we know. We lie about people we do not know. We believe lies about people we do not know. And it is easy to war upon people when we do not know them. Ignorance inevitably distorts our vision, just as does distance. At a distance men seem animals, and it is only when they seem to be animals, vile and unworthy crea-

tures, that we can bring ourselves to slaughter them in cold blood.

We know so little of our neighbors. What do we know of the peoples of foreign lands? This is the smallest world we have ever known. There is little territory left for further discovery. By way of transportation facilities, by way of telephone and wireless and radio, we have brought the ends of the earth within hailing distance. Yet this world is still so large that international ignorance continues to be one of our devastating handicaps. What, for example, do we here in America know of the peoples of Asia, of China, of Japan? Would we dream of war with Japan if we really knew the Japanese? Would we believe the fantastic tales told of them? Is not our jingoistic credulity the product of our ignorance? What do we know of the people of Persia, of Siberia? What know we of the people of Africa? How much of truth have we of the peoples of Europe? What do we know of the people of Italy, of Spain, of France, of Germany, of Russia? Hardly as much as they know of us. How Europeans, who have never been here, take us to task. If only they knew the truth. Sometimes they visit our shores, certainly not long enough to learn to understand us, and at once they become authoritative critics of our ways and our work. And we are guilty of the same sin. It is because Europe and Asia are still so far away, because their peoples are still such strangers to us, that it is so easy for us to misunderstand and even to war upon them.

If we would cure many of our international ills we need to get closer together. Cecil Rhodes was wise when he left a fund to be used for bringing foreign students to England. There, living among the English, they would learn to know England, and, returning home, would become ambassadors of good will. The Guggenheim Fund of three million dollars, created last year, is to serve the same kind of purpose

on a much larger scale. The Junior Red Cross Society has arranged for correspondence between the children of a dozen different lands. Dr. Knudsen, at the head of the educational system of Sweden, is following the same plan with the children in his care. The National Child Welfare Association has issued a pamphlet containing the pictures of children of different lands, dressed in their native costumes, playing native games. Beneath each picture is printed an interesting little poem about the children of the country thus portrayed. The purpose is to let our American children know that everywhere are boys and girls like themselves, as interesting, as attractive as themselves.

"In hearts too young for enmity
There lies the way to make men free;
When children's friendships are world-wide,
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and strife will cease.
Disarm the hearts, for that is peace."

So sings Ethel Blair Jordan.

"Give men new hearts and they will find the true facts," believes John Jay Chapman. Give them the facts and they may find new hearts.

Longfellow was right:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts."

"My people perish for lack of vision."

But we shall never learn to live together internationally until we learn the art nationally. And, frankly, even nationally thus far the art has eluded us. The Old Testament knows but one word for peace and prosperity, "shalom." Long ago men understood that there can be no prosperity

where there is no peace, that when men are at war prosperity goes. It is true whether we speak of international or civil wars. War is calamitous to all concerned. No one can win in a war, not even the victors. Victors and vanquished both pay. We won the world war, but we shall continue to pay for it for a century. If America is to prosper, then its people must work together for common ends, must realize that their destiny is one, must learn to live together for their common good. And this they will never succeed in doing until they learn the truth of each other. As it is, we are divided into mutually hostile groups because as yet we lack this fundamental knowledge. Capital and labor are bitter enemies because they have not discovered their common interests, their common needs, and their many likenesses. Native born and foreign born are both needed for the development of America's destiny. Yet, instead of working together, both indulge in mutual recriminations, because common suspicions keep them apart. There are eleven million negroes in America. They will remain here. They are part of our body politic. We need their good will, their coöperation in our common work. Yet we hound them like cattle. And because hate breeds hate we make them not friends of the republic, but its enemies. Why? Because we won't trouble to get at the truth.

I am pleading for no uniformity. That were the deadliest foe of American progress. I don't want people to be alike. Variety is the spice of political as well as social life. People who differ are always interesting. Usually they are the only people who are interesting. Men and women must differ if they are to develop their personalitis. We ought to encourage this development instead of denouncing or criticizing it. One of the conspicuous weaknesses in our American temperament is our inability to respect differences. We suspect, we dislike those who do not share our platform, or wear our

garb, material or mental. I am glad that here in America we do not all see alike. But with all our differences, we are all Americans. America needs us and we need each other. Because our fate is the same, spite of our differences, we must work together. There may be a hundred different men in an orchestra. Let each go his own way and we have unbearable discord. Let all play together and we have a harmonious symphony. As St. Peter's in Rome is fashioned of contributions coming from all parts of Europe, and Washington monument of stones sent from every state in the union, so American progress, American well-being must spring from contributions from every group, every element, every individual living here in America, but from every such group and every such element, and every such individual working amicably with all the rest for the common good. The Melting Pot is at work fusing the masses that have come to us from every part of the earth. But the process is slow. We Americans, for our own good, need to learn the art of living together.

The same truth holds good for the field of religion. Once again it is not necessary that we should all think alike. We cannot think alike. God has made us individuals. And we must seek God with such power and vision as He has given us. So long as we honestly seek to find God's will that we may follow it, we may be assured of divine favour no matter what group or church we may join. God belongs to all people as they belong to Him. No church has a monopoly on God or His truth or His revelation or His favor. All religions and all churches are good. Yet because they differ in theology is no reason why they should be inimical to each other and war upon each other. Their interests, their problems are the same. They presume to serve the same purpose. The world needs all of them alike. There is every reason why they should, why they must coöperate to serve

common ends. Yet daily we witness the disheartening spectacle of interdenominational bitterness, hatred, prejudice, denunciation. Some one has well said we have just enough religion to hate, and not enough to love. Dr. Cadman asks caustically why he needs to hate his neighbor to prove his love of God? There can be no religion of hate. If it be hate it is not religion. No man can hate, no man can entertain prejudices, no man can be unjust, no man can spread lies, no man can array neighbor against neighbor and be religious. He may profess what he pleases. He knows no religion. He is an enemy of the Church and all it stands for, who countenances when he does not encourage prejudices between the members of differing church groups. Viewing the irreligious attitude of church to church I do not wonder that so many people desert the institution. Sometimes I marvel that so many can remain loyal. If religion is to live and serve and bless, if America and the world are to receive at its hands that which they need and to which they are entitled, if civilization is to endure, then we who belong to the churches must learn to live together.

Why should the task seem so difficult? For every difference we know, we enjoy a score of resemblances. As with troubles which obsess and monopolize our attention because they come so infrequently, though countless joys which wait upon us every day remain unnoticed, so we stress the beliefs and customs that separate us, though their number is small, while we remain ignorant or unconscious of the many ways in which religiously and otherwise we are one. As a matter of fact, from the cradle to the grave we are alike. We come into the same world. We enter the world in the same way. We find here the same problem of adjustment to environment. We want fundamentally the same things, all of us, no matter where we live or the group to which we belong. We want work and wage, and love and home. We want chil-

dren. We are affected by our children in just the same way. We have the same joys and sorrows, the same triumphs and failures, the same virtues and vices. We are affected by the same sicknesses. We know the same limit of life, pass away from the same causes and find our graves in the same earth.

Legend tells of a visit which Elijah and a friend once made to an oriental market-place. "Is there anyone in this gathering," asks the friend, "who is certain to know immortality?" "The old man in the corner," replies the prophet. Approaching the old man, the friend inquires what he had ever done to merit the reward Elijah foretold for him. "Nothing," is the answer, "unless it be that whenever I saw two who were about to become enemies, I tried to make them friends." Tolstoi meets an old beggar and grieves that he has left his purse at home. "I am sorry, my brother, that I have nothing to give you." "But you called me 'brother,'" says the beggar, "and that was a great gift." Twenty years after he had wronged his brother, Jacob meets Esau and pleads with him to accept a gift at his hands. "Receive my gift," he begs, "forasmuch as I have seen thy face as one seeth the face of God and thou wast pleased with me." Job tries to justify himself to his friends, to God. He tells the story of his life. Never had a needy soul appealed to him in vain. And finally he speaks of his relation to his servant. "Did not he that made me make him?" And then I think of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Psalm. "Behold, how good and how pleasing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." To help people everywhere, people of every land and every group, of every circle, to help them realize that they are brethren, and to assist them to live together as one because they are brethren, this is the high task to which every churchman, everyone who claims to know God, every real American, every decent man and woman will and must give the best that in him lies.

REV. ROBERT WATSON

Rev. Robert Watson, born in Aberdeen, Scotland, is Minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Boston, Mass. When eight years old he was brought to Canada and graduated from the University of New Brunswick, N. B., with B.A. degree. In the United States, he holds M.A. degree from Princeton, Ph.D. degree from Gale College, D.D. degree and LL.D. degree from Cedarville College, and D.D. degree from Washington and Jefferson College. He formerly taught in Lane Theological Seminary, and now in addition to being Minister of one of Boston's strongest churches, he is professor in Boston University and in Gordon College, Boston. Dr. Watson is a friend of Ministers of all branches of the Church and is honored by both the liberal and conservative wings. His sermon, " God's Love and Time," reveals marked originality, coupled with the expression of a big heart, crowned with scholarly attainment.

IX

GOD'S LOVE AND TIME

Rev. Robert Watson, D.D.

"The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love.'"—Jeremiah 31:3.

Our subject is God's love.

It is a very common expression, "Time is a great healer." True! But time is also a great destroyer. All of this hour I could take and speak to you on time's healing, but I can give you more on time's destructive power than on its healing. Those of you who remember your classics, or even if you didn't study them, you will recall it in your history, remember that after the Trojan War, when Ulysses came home after his absence of twenty years, the great wonder was this: that Penelope was still found faithful in spite of the fact that she had been besieged by suitors. She was the great exception. Time in her case had not destroyed. She remained faithful.

Some time ago, when Mrs. Watson was visiting in Haiti, she discovered this very interesting thing: Before the United States of America began to coöperate with Haiti in its work, the prisoners had to feed themselves. There was no work given to them, they had no opportunity to secure food, and they were dependent entirely upon friends. Any prisoner who didn't have a friend simply starved to death. Even those who did have friends, according to the testimony of those familiar with the facts in Haiti, finally suffered. When the prisoners were confined for anything like a long period,

at first, they would be splendidly provided for, but after a time, the friends forgot them, and those also would starve to death.

Still more striking is the testimony of social workers in America, where we would expect things to be different. When a prisoner is confined in the penitentiary for a period of five years or more, as a rule, when his term of service is up, he has no friends. The loneliness of it is appalling. All his friends gone. Even in most instances with those who had married, their wives also have forgotten and forsaken them. They come out without any of their old companions to meet and to greet them. Of course, there are advantages in that. But can you imagine a man coming out of a jail, and not a single old friend to greet him! Time is a great destroyer. Fortunately, however, there are some things which time cannot destroy.

God's love defies time. In the thirty-first chapter of the prophecy of Jeremiah, and the third verse, we find this: " Jehovah hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." In the first part of the same chapter there is a promise given by the Lord that a time will come when " all the families of Israel shall be my people."

Our text is the explanation and testimony how all the families of Israel shall become the families of God. " I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." The Psalmist, in the One Hundredth Psalm, at the fifth verse, says, " For Jehovah is good; his lovingkindness is everlasting, and his faithfulness endureth to all generations." Ah, there is the promise! These are promises of such a character that certainly the very reading of them enriches our lives. God is a God who loves from everlasting to everlasting.

Now, if I had known that when I was a boy, I think it

would have made a marked difference in my life. I knew that from everlasting to everlasting *God is*. I knew that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever. But for some reason I missed getting this fact—that God's love is as eternal as God Himself. That His love *is* God Himself. Not knowing that, it made a tremendous difference in my life.

Everlasting. That is a word to conjure with. We could spend an hour on just that word. It is translated, of course, out of the Hebrew. And the word translated " everlasting " means originally " to be concealed.' It seems rather a difficult and peculiar thing that the word meaning " to be concealed " comes to mean " everlasting." It is a word that grew—for words either degrade or progress, just like men, and this is one of the words that made progress, traveled, with men, and filled itself out and expanded until it came to be " everlasting." Its first step was to become " a vanishing point." From being concealed to be that which was seen to the vanishing point, and then it came to mean unto " the end of the world," and so to be " perpetual " and " everlasting."

Now, reading my text in the light of that explanation, " I have loved you with a love that cannot be concealed; with a love that even endures to the vanishing point; with a love that reaches to the end of the world, with a perpetual, everlasting love." So God loves us.

Then, when you think about this text, you will see that the poet meant to convey the same idea in that song which we all love to sing:

> *" The love of God is broader*
> *Than the measure of man's mind;*
> *And the heart of the Eternal*
> *Is most wonderfully kind."*

George Matheson, sitting in the darkness with his blind

eyes, got the idea when he wrote about the love of God: "O love that will not let me go." It will not, beloved, for God's love is perpetual, everlasting. It is as everlasting, as eternal as God Himself! This is the love which Henry van Dyke was thinking about when he wrote that simple, yet significant little verse:

"Self is the only prison that can bind the soul;
Love is the only angel that can bid the gates unroll.
And when He comes and calls thee, arise and follow fast,
His way may lead through darkness, but it leads to light
at last."

Don't forget this when you are thinking about it, that the angel is love, and that love is God.

The second thing is that God's love is practical. You have doubted that sometimes, haven't you? God's love is practical. It is not His creative forces that we bank on. We don't trust Him because He is omnipotent, or even for His omniscience, but because of His great love for us. Now, there are many hard things in this life, terribly hard things, which I cannot solve, and which you cannot solve. But notice that our text says God loves us with an everlasting love; and then notice the results of that love. He says, "Therefore have I drawn thee with lovingkindness."

God does not drive us; He does not coerce us; He does not bring to bear on us His almighty power. He draws us. We do not therefore think of His as seeking to destroy us, to bring the impulsion and compulsion of His might upon us. No—He draws us to Himself. This is the most difficult lesson, outside of God's love for us, for the Christian to learn—to become Godlike in love and then in patience and gentleness and attractiveness. It is so easy for us to be dogmatic—to affirm things—"This is so, and that settles it!" To refuse to consider the other man's viewpoint, to fail to see things, like Mark Sabre does, as Hutchinson presents

him in that outstanding story, *If Winter Comes.* Oh, yes, we like to force. I like to force. My theology sometimes seems to make it necessary to force things; and with my heredity how can I be anything else but dogmatic? Unless the love of God fills your hearts, we will be dogmatic, and hard, and harsh, and insistent, and so affirm "*We know.*" Surely, beloved, it is a fine thing to discover that we don't know it all.

He draws us. That, of course, easily turns our thoughts to Christ. "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." I never was so anxious for a radio as I was this morning. I would to God that I could spread broadcast over this land in this time of theological confusion and controversy, the significant, simple, glorious fact, that the great need of the world today is God's love and that it draws. Could the world be enabled to grasp the significance of the heart of God, and know that He loves and His love is everlasting and it draws, great results would follow. Then it is our business to capably interpret that love in our lives. "Therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." When we Christians are so held in the majesty and power of the love of God, the world, while it cannot understand us, will run after us and say, "What manner of people are these?" Yes, it is a practical love; it draws. Think of the Lord God Almighty even trying to drive some of us! But because He draws us, we are saved.

This love is practical even in insignificant things. You turn over in the Book and read the story of Balaam. Balaam, for money, was willing to curse Israel. But God says, "I turned his curse into a blessing." Why? "Because I love thee." What a wonderful thing to be cursed when God loves us, and by His power turns the curse into a blessing. Wouldn't you be glad to be cursed under such circumstances? It is worth while.

Yes, His love is also considerate. You look at the cross, all it says is, "I have loved you." The Psalmist sings, "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." And he remembereth—not our sinning, our follies, our weaknesses, our littleness? Not at all! *We* cannot forget these; they stick like burrs in our memories. We cannot forget what we have done. But He does not think of that. "He knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust." That is the reason He loves us with an everlasting love. He remembers the righteous? That isn't so wonderful, you know. He loves the righteous and the generous. I wonder how many of us He loves with that primary love—the love for unrepentant sinners! How many with that second love—the love of the righteous and the cheerful giver! Those of us who have become righteous by setting our heart upon Christ, and demonstrating it by being generous—generous in our thought, generous in our words, generous in our service, generous in our gifts. God loves the righteous and the generous. Do you know He chastens them so that they may be still more worthy of His love? What a wonderful God He is, that He doth work with us to perfect us, because He loves us with an everlasting love.

In the next place, notice that God's love is aggressive. Some love is passive. His love is not passive. He loves sinners, but He is not satisfied to love sinners. His love is aggressive; He has set Himself to win out of this world every sinner—every last sinner. There are some people who believe that the number of those to be saved is fixed, and the day will come when the last one to complete that number will be brought in, and then that will be the end. I am not able to think about it very intelligently, but I know this, whatever others think, that God has set Himself to the winning of every lost soul unto Himself. God is reaching in mercy towards us. Why? Because He loves us. He means

us to live together in Christ, and that is what He set Himself to do. It is a great task. It is a task, and I say it reverently, worthy of God—that He should undertake to do that. But if I thought that in what He was seeking to do He was willing to pass one soul by, speaking in the sense that sometimes in our theology we define it, then I should be disappointed in God. And it is impossible that I should be disappointed in God. The misunderstanding, for it would be a misunderstanding of God on my part, would necessarily prove there was something wrong with me.

God's love is aggressive—it goes after us. That is the picture we have of it all through the Scriptures. "There were ninety and nine that safely lay in the shelter of the fold." Oh, Lord, couldn't you be satisfied with the ninety and nine? But that one out on the mountain far away. He went after that one. The only reason I am preaching to you today is that He went after that one. He went after me, and He is after you, if you have not yet surrendered to Him. That is the only reason why we are worshiping here, because He would not give up until He had found us and brought us back. It is a different thing walking away, and walking back. If you know anything about walking, you know that ofttimes when walking you feel fine and fit, and keep on five—six miles. But when you turn to walk back those six miles, you would be glad if someone would come along and give you a lift! He went after us, and we had gone so far, and were so weak, we didn't have the power to come back. But He just picked us up and carried us, because God's love is everlasting, and because it is with loving-kindness that He draws us. It is an aggressive love—this love of God for us.

Then it is not only aggressive, but progressive. His love is not satisfied just to win us; it seeks to perfect us. It purposes to bring us into experiences and relationships be-

yond our ability to imagine. You think you know about it, but you really don't. When I was a boy I thought I knew all about the love of a mother for her son, and at that time I didn't have much respect for it somemties, either. But I made some discoveries in the last two or three years; some very remarkable discoveries. I found I didn't know what I thought I knew. God's love is not static. He is not satisfied to win sinners and then rest. No, His is a progressive love. It is never static.

A great deal is being said nowadays about the relationship of husband and wife, and it is a common joke that after people are married they don't love each other. Some of them do not, and I cannot blame some of them! But in *real* marriage, you know, you are just beginning to get acquainted after being married twenty or thirty years. I know there are some things about me that my beloved does not know yet. There may be some things about her that I have not discovered yet. For eleven years we were engaged to marry, and I thought as the years went by, and the days came and went, that marriage would be the climax of everything. Well, that is just the beginning. It is true that there are a great many married people who, when the ceremony is over, settle down into a hum-drum existence. They are just living along; they are faithful to their marriage vows, but there isn't much in it. They may be irritated with one another, or just passively complacent, or even comfortable. But such living never produces joyfulness of life. Unless their love is purified, perfected, magnified, and spiritualized, it drops to a mere matter-of-fact relationship.

That is the way with the love of God. You hear people say, "Well, yes, I am a Christian." They say it in that tone of voice as if "I am awfully sorry for myself." I wonder if they have ever been Christians! They never have come into the love of God; they certainly know little, if

anything, of the great love wherewith He loved us. The love of God is aggressive and also progressive. "Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us." Aye, but He doesn't stop there. In the epistle of John we read, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." I don't know. John didn't know. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." God, therefore, will never rest satisfied until we have become so thoroughly a part of Himself that daily we are growing in the love, and so into the likeness of His own image.

To the Christian living in the love of God, every day is a day of resurrection. There are daily burdens to bear. Of course, there are. There are perplexing problems to wrestle with. There are hard paths to walk in. And the feet grow sore. Sometimes those who profess to love us say harsh things, and there is danger of the words rankling in the heart. Never mind. God is love. He defies time. It is a considerate love; it is an aggressive love; it is a progressive love; and it is a possessive love. No bigger task is given to any of us than to grow into that love. How can we do that? Only by setting ourselves to do the will of God, and trusting in Christ Jesus.

In the South, in front of a little colored Methodist Church, there is a fountain today. Some years ago, a woman of that church thought it would be a fine thing to put up a keg of water there, so that the tired and thirsty person might get a drink. This was typical of her constant ministry. Now there is a great drinking fountain erected there to the memory of a noble woman. Last summer, it was estimated that 60,000 people were refreshed at this mountain, in front of that little Methodist Church. It was natural to carve as a motto over that fountain, "I was thirsty and ye gave me drink." The young people of the church paid for the ice,

and their work so impressed the iceman last summer that he was converted to Christ. That is evidence of the way God's love works. It draws.

You and I, if we come into the love of God, and strive to live there, He will keep us. In the Orient, travelers on shipboard tell us that they have ofttimes been greatly comforted by the man in the crow's-nest, crying out in Hindustani, in the night watches: "I am keeping watch! I am keeping watch!" No, I don't know your hearts, beloved. But He knows. And He is keeping watch.

"Jehovah is thy keeper:
Jehovah is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
Jehovah will keep thee from all evil;
He will keep thy soul.
Jehovah will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore."

Why is God keeping watch? Why does He preserve? Listen, this is why. It is God that speaks: "I have loved thee with an *everlasting love*, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."

REV. JASPER CORTENUS MASSEE

Rev. Jasper Cortenus Massee, the son of a physician, born in Marshallville, Ga., is one of the most widely known Ministers in New England, because of the popularity of his Church, Tremont Temple Baptist Church, Boston, and because of his radio audiences, from whom he has received appreciative responses all over America and from Canada. At a recent meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention, at a time when a division was threatened, his address was largely responsible for a united working basis of that great body. Dr. Massee holds the degrees of A.B. and D.D. from Mercer University, and in February, 1927, Carson and Newman College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. in Tremont Temple, Boston. He has held pastorates in Florida, Kentucky, Ohio, North Carolina, Tennessee, and New York, coming to Tremont Temple in 1922. He is the author of a large number of books, and is an expository teacher, lecturer and evangelist. The sermon, "The Pattern Sinner and the Pattern Saint," was preached in the General Conference of Northfield, Mass., in the summer of 1926.

X

THE PATTERN SINNER AND THE PATTERN SAINT

Rev. J. C. Massee, LL.D.

The Apostle Paul is the most challenging figure on the horizon of Christian history. So great has been his influence on Christian thought through the centuries that there are those who accredit him with being the author of Christianity. While, of course, this judgment proceeds from the wish to discredit the Lord Jesus Christ, it yet indicates the length of his shadow and the character of his service. What Ingersoll said of Shakespeare is more literally true of Paul: "His mind was an intellectual ocean from which all streams of thought flowed out and to which all streams of thought return."

He divided his life in half, between the service of two masters. His Damascus road experience occurred somewhere between the age of thirty and thirty-five. He probably suffered martyrdom at the age of sixty-four to sixty-six. So the latter half of his life in the service of Christ, whose bondservant he called himself, is matched by its former half spent in the service of the prince of the power of the air, the god of this world.

A remarkable feature of his life is that he gave himself unstintedly to whichever master he served. He was no man of half-way measures, enthusiasms or allegiances.

For the purpose of this address I would give you just one pen picture of him as drawn by himself in his letter to his

friend Philemon. Preaching in the heart of Rome, he has led to Christ and to a new freedom Onesimus, a runaway slave of Philemon. With characteristic directness Paul requires of Onesimus that he return to Philemon and make such restitution as is needed. This, too, in the face of the fact that Philemon held over Onesimus the power of life and death. But with his return Onesimus is privileged to bear a letter from Paul to Philemon, in which Paul enjoins his friend to a leniency and love towards his former slave, born out of a new relationship to Christ. In the midst of that letter Paul reminds Philemon that he owes his life to him, and claims that "being such an one as Paul the aged," he might command him, though he rather enjoins him for love's sake.

I remind you of this phrase, "being such an one as Paul the aged," because I wish both a retrospective and a prospective view of this man's life. The young man looks forward only, the old man looks backward as well as forward. The young man lives by anticipation, the old man by memories as well as anticipation. The young man finds his inspiration in dreams and visions, the old man finds his confidence in realization and expectation. I therefore invite you to look at life from the point of view of Paul the aged. We will weigh it in the balances. One side of it is time, the other eternity.

PAUL'S CONVERSION

Paul's conversion was a complete reversal of all his life, a right-about face in all his interests, activities and associations. He had been a man of blameless moral life, a man even of an intense religious zeal. He was a man of scholarly attainments, as well as of great intellectual ability. He had high official relations, and outspoken personal convictions from which none of the vicissitudes of fortuitous for-

tune could turn him aside. All that he was, all that he had, had been set against Christ and His Church in the early days of its organization and activities. Later he writes of himself and the Church, " I verily thought I did God service persecuting the church." But when he became a Christian all this was reversed, and he threw himself with a full-hearted devotion into the service of Christ which has never been surpassed in the history of the Church.

Concerning these two phases of his life, Paul adds illuminating statements. Of the one period he declares himself to have been the pattern sinner; of the other, the pattern saint. To Timothy he writes (I Timothy 1:15, 16), " Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief: howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me as chief might Jesus Christ show forth of his longsuffering for an ensample of them that should thereafter believe on him unto eternal life." To the church of the Thessalonians he writes (I Thess. 1:5-6), " Our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Spirit, and in much assurance: even as ye know what manner of men we showed ourselves toward you for your sake. And ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Spirit."

Manifestly there are lessons for us in the life of this man as recorded in Scripture.

Paul illustrates the essential gospel demand for regeneration. The gospel does not primarily concern itself with the conduct of men; it undertakes to deal with the nature from which conduct proceeds. It proceeds upon the assumption that if you make the fountain sweet, the waters flowing therefrom will be sweet also, and that if you leave the waters of the spring flowing they will cleanse themselves.

One primary and fundamental consideration of the gospel

is that holiness is a matter of relation between the sinner and his God, for it is out of the holy person of God that the sinful man by faith in Christ receives a new nature. Righteousness in conduct is holiness of relation expressing itself in action.

It is apparent, in view of this fact, that conduct may be moral and yet unrighteous. There is a morality of convention, of legality, that does not flow from holiness of relation. That righteousness has no value in the kingdom of heaven, and is not efficacious to the saving of men's souls.

Perhaps the most astounding fact about the Apostle Paul is that his life, conspicuous for its moral integrity, was equally conspicuous for its hostility to the highest, holiest and deepest revelation of God, made through His son and in His Church. Paul was never required to repent of immoralities. There is no evidence that he was ever guilty of violations of the law of Moses. He himself declares that as touching the law he was blameless. He would not have been known among his neighbors as a wicked man. Without question society would have given him a clean bill of health. He was quite sincere in believing that there was nothing wrong in his life. He naïvely writes that he is not concerned with man's judgment, and that he knows nothing against himself. There was therefore a consequent self-complacency, self-righteousness, self-sufficiency in his life. He was quite satisfied with himself and secure in his morality and had no doubt of his ability to maintain his integrity by virtue of the powers resident within himself. He was a perfect specimen of the modern high-class Unitarian. But suddenly in the way to Damascus he met Jesus Christ and suffered a complete overturning, a humiliating reversal of his judgment of himself. Suddenly all his righteousness had become as filthy rags. He joins Isaiah in saying (Isaiah 64:6), "For we are all become as one that is unclean, and all our

righteousnesses are as polluted garment, and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities like the wind, take us away." He had gotten along very well while measuring himself by himself, and he had not fared worse when he measured himself by society. He was quite as good as those about him. Social and religious conventional estimates of conduct gave him no anxiety. He needed to make no apologies, to offer no excuses. He quite readily and easily and properly stood upon his record of personal attainments when measuring himself by himself or by his fellows, but it was another matter when he met Jesus Christ and measured himself by Him. His little candle ceased to shine in the light of the noonday sun. The glowworm's glitter faded in the light of daylight splendor. Paul found himself as nothing in the presence of his Lord. Suddenly it appeared to him that the supreme idolatry is the idolatry of self. Self-righteousness, self-congratulation, self-will, all these are set against God, crowding Him beneath the threshold of consciousness and enthroning self in the place of life's sovereign lordship.

Let it be repeated, Paul was not required to repent of wickedness but to repent of his own righteousness! In Philippians 3 he enumerates what had been gain to him in his unregenerate state. He had been circumcised the eighth day, and so was of the seed of Isaac rather than Ishmael. He was of the stock of Israel, and so belonged to the covenant promises of Jacob rather than to the wild tribes of Esau. He was of the tribe of Benjamin, and so of the kingdom of Judah. He was a Hebrew of the Hebrews rather than a Hellenistic Jew. As touching the law he was a Pharisee, believing in and accepting the inspiration of all the Old Testament Scriptures, rather than a Sadducee who repudiated all except the Pentateuch. In his zeal persecuting the Church, and as touching the righteousness which is

of the law found blameless. What more could the pride of race or religion offer a man than that? What other treasures could man find or desire than these? Yet hear Paul: "Howbeit, what things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffer the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may gain Christ, and be found in him, not having a righteousness of mine own, that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is from God by faith."

Here is a complete self-emptying in order to be filled with all the fulness of God! Here is a full realization of the insufficiency of the natural life in all matters relating to God, and a yielding of self to that communication which comes only through Christ to the sinner, reestablishing relation and thus reforming conduct!

In his experiments with the cactus of the desert, Burbank demonstrated many things of interest: among others, that the cactus lives while entirely separated from the soil. It may be hung up on a branch of a tree and will live there, dry, withered, unsightly. It lives, but at what a dying rate! Now, that same bit of cactus that lives while dying may be taken down from its limb, embedded in the soil and watered under the kindling heat of a summer sun, when it will spring into life abundant. Even so the Lord Jesus said concerning life without God, "I came that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." It is His to communicate the life without which no man can be holy in his relation to God or righteous in his conduct toward man.

THE NATURE OF REGENERATION

Paul illustrates the essential nature of gospel regeneration. What happened to him in his conversion? What did

regeneration mean to Paul? In answering that question we will discover what it must mean to us also.

Well, certainly it meant a complete reversal of his whole life and its entire reconstruction on other lines. From the hour in which he met Jesus on the way to Damascus till the end of his earthly career his highest boast is that he is a bondservant of Jesus Christ. He has exercised repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That is, he has come to an entirely new attitude toward God, and a new dependence for the adjustment of his relations and the maintenance of his spiritual life. In writing to Philemon concerning the debt Onesimus owed him, Paul reaches this climax of vicarious love: "If he owes thee aught, put it to my account: I will repay it." So in his relationship to God he came to see that whatever standing a spiritual bankrupt might have with the eternal Father, it must be an account of Him who on the cross of Calvary died on man's behalf.

Regeneration meant to Paul that he became a new creature. His past became nothingness. Out of that nothingness, as a new-born babe comes into a life that for him had not been, Paul came into a life in Christ Jesus. From that moment the life he lived in the flesh he lived by the faith of the Son of God. For him to live is Christ. He brings every thought into subjection to Jesus Christ. He keeps his body under, buffeting it into submission to Jesus Christ. He lives daily in the realization of Christ's presence and sovereignty in his life. He labors constantly in the anticipation of Christ's return to earth and His bringing with Him the reward of His labors. It became real to him that it was no longer he who lived, but Christ lived in him.

There is a story of John Callahan, once a noted criminal. He was convicted in prison, and his conversion was so remarkable and manifest that he was paroled. He immedi-

ately launched his life upon a career of Christian service and testimony that more than matched his previous life of sin. Six years after his conversion he wrote the governor of Illinois, asking the governor to send to him all records of his crime and commitment to the Joliet state prison. The governor replied that it was an altogether unusual request, that it had never been done before, but in view of the conspicuous change that had come into the life of John Callahan the request was being complied with. Callahan sent similar requests to the mayors of the various cities in which he had been convicted of crime. They all followed the governor's example, with the result that there came a day when John Callahan held in his hand the record of every crime and committal to prison which had been written against him. He laid them all in the fire, and when they had been burned to ashes, stood up and cried out:

"Thank God there is nothing against me on the records of heaven, there is nothing against me on the records of earth! I am now free from the condemnation of sin and the curse of a broken law."

The mercy of God in Christ having provoked the mercy of earthly officials, this man has been permitted to live out his allotted years as one who had been born again from the dead. That is regeneration and its accompanying and resultant sanctification.

HOPE AND ANTICIPATION

Paul illustrates the essential gospel hope and anticipation.

It is a great matter to look for life's reward at its close. There are two directions for man's interest, his past and his future.

Life is an investment with constantly accruing and cumulative interest. A great many years ago I was induced to buy an insurance policy issued under the old Tontine plan.

That is, no dividends were paid during the twenty-year period of premiums, but those dividends were accruing, and when the policy was matured at the end of twenty years I not only had a paid-up policy for the full face value, but I received a substantial sum in cash at a moment when it was a veritable lifesaver. I would encourage young men and women to make moral investments on the Tontine plan. Invest in time for eternity! The face value of such a policy of life insurance is certainly guaranteed, and with it many accruing dividends of peace and joy and self-control and hope.

Let us ask Paul of his investments!

He had made some investments in sin. Long ago he had discovered that the wages of sin is death, that whatsoever a man sows that also shall he reap, that men are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. With these stern principles of law before his mind age took toll of youth, memory asserted itself, and we hear him crying out, " O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death? "

But Paul had shifted allegiance. He had repudiated the god of this world, and thrown off the yoke of bondage by which he had been bound to the weak and beggarly elements of this world. He had come under the yoke of Christ. He had invested his all in the service of his Master. So he is able to add, " Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord! "

Dr. Wilbur Chapman once asked General William Booth to what he attributed his great success in the Christian ministry. General Booth replied:

" Mr. Chapman, since the day I came to Christ He has had all there was of me."

So Paul had invested his life in holiness and had proceeded to live within the will of God, ordering his life after

the divine plan and finding at its close no vain and useless regrets.

The future lay before him. Now, the future may mean, and does mean to many a man, only a certain expectation of judgment. It may mean, as it meant to Paul, radiant looking forward to reward and fellowship and abundant entrance into the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We will hear Paul saying at the last: "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give to me at that day."

Let me put on the stand here before you two eminent scientists, both of them greatly loved in American life, the one an agnostic, the other a Christian.

We will ask Luther Burbank to tell us what he looks out upon through the open door of life's closing experiences. Out of the midst of his flowers and fruits, out of the gardens which could only be nurtured by the sunshine of God and His falling rain, out of the very presence of that nature which declares the presence, the handiwork and the glory of God. Mr. Burbank lifts a sad and hopeless face to declare:

"There is no life beyond. There is no evidence of immortality. There is no hope."

Mr. Burbank, step aside! Dr. Howard Kelly, will you take the stand? But before we ask Dr. Kelly for his testimony, let me relate a little story that will give point and illustration to what we shall hear from his lips!

One day, in the foothills of Maryland, a weary traveler came to the open gate of a cottage on a farm. He entered to ask for a drink of water. A little girl came to the door in response to his summons. He preferred his request. She invited him to be seated, and directly returned, bearing a pitcher of milk and a glass. When he had refreshed

himself with the delicious milk, he offered to pay her for it. She said:

"Oh, no, sir! My father and mother are not here, but they would not be pleased if I charged a stranger. You are welcome."

The stranger, after resting, thanked his little hostess and went his way.

Several months later the same little girl was smitten with appendicitis. She was hurried into Baltimore, to Johns Hopkins Hospital, where she was operated on, and tenderly cared for and was nursed back to health. During the last days of her hospital experience she worried much about the ability of her father, a man in moderate circumstances, to pay the bill. She had a fearful anticipation of the surgeon's fee, the hire of nurses, and hospital expenses. On the morning before her departure, however, the nurse brought her a sealed envelope. When she opened it she found a bill made out in detail,—surgeon's fee, nursing, anæsthetic, operating room, and the items of care,—totaling several hundreds of dollars, and underneath, written in red ink, "Paid in full by a glass of milk." Signed, "Howard Kelly."

Now, Dr. Kelly, tell us what you see through the open door of the future! We will let him give his testimony in relating an experience. I have read somewhere that he himself was on the table awaiting operation. When the nurse who was to administer the anæsthetic came and all was in readiness, he looked up into her face and said:

"Nurse, it's a great thing to know that if the eternal doors swing open the other way for you, you have a Friend on the other side waiting to receive you!"

I cannot close this message without asking you which witness you prefer, which testimony you will take. What to you is your righteousness? What of your regeneration?

REV. VIVIAN T. POMROY

Rev. Vivian T. Pomroy, Minister of the Church of the First Parish, Milton, Mass., was born in London, England, and some years before entering the Ministry was in business. Then he studied in Cliff College, a Wesleyan College, Sheffield, England; he graduated with the A.B. degree from Wadham College of Oxford University, and later graduated in theology from Mansfield College, Oxford. He was ordained a Minister of the Gospel in 1911, and was Minister of Greenfield Congregational Church, Bradford, England, for twelve years, succeeding Roger Williams. In 1923 he came to the United States and has been Minister of his present parish since 1924. His sermon, " Daybreak," is a very vivid and picturesque presentation of an important incident connected with our Lord.

XI

DAYBREAK

Rev. Vivian T. Pomroy

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a-fishing. . . . That night they took nothing. But when day was now breaking, Jesus stood on the beach."—John 21:3-4.

The story, of which these words are part, is undeniably beautiful and appealing. It cannot be understood as actual history. The character and purpose of the Gospel of John forbid reading the narrative as matter-of-fact history. It is a parable which conveyed encouragement to the Christian Church in the second century, and it was written with that intention. As fishers of men, the early Christians often must have felt that their labors were ineffectual, and that the Church was like a ship alone in the dark night. Often "they took nothing" in those hard times. But they had faith in the light, when the darkness was still unbroken. There came the daybreak; the assurance of a directing Presence; the casting of the net of their endeavor on the right side; and they were not able to draw for the multitude of fishes. Such encouragement was, no doubt, the original motive of the story.

But because this story, like others of the Fourth Gospel, is written with much human feeling and profound spiritual insight, there is the suggestion of more intimate truth. It lives marvelously as a story of personal experience. It is singularly true to an experience which may belong to any one of us today. Listen to it, repeated in this tone.

There is the man, Peter. The time is immediately after the trial and crucifixion of Jesus. Peter has found life overwhelming. He has felt the shock of tremendous events. He has been through storms of emotion. The things he thought secure have been broken up. He himself has shamefully broken. The worst has happened. The world has been despoiled. Now he returns to the scene of his former work as a fisherman upon the Sea of Galilee: goes back to the very place where, not so long before, he had left his nets for the call of an irresistible voice: "Follow me." He goes back, not for any sentimental associations, but simply because there is nothing else to do. The place is the same: everything there is as if nothing awful has happened. There is the quiet light upon the water; the familiar village by the shore; men busy with nets and gear; the friendly gossip of neighbors. And the unchanged, undisturbed, indifferent scene is a dull offence to the man wholly occupied by a single grief. But the sea calls to labor—the old, common work again. The old habit asserts itself. Peter says: "I go a-fishing." He says it wearily. It is going back to the old, prosaic life with new memories like stabbing wounds. And it is work for a while in utter darkness. The hours are profitless and dreary. Then across the waters of that disheartened, commonplace duty, appears the breaking of the day. The lost hope steals back again through mists. The longed-for voice speaks again. At last Peter hears the clear call to undying devotion: "Lovest thou me still? Then feed those who are mine."

WHEN NATURE MOCKS THE HEART

When any one of us has met and reeled from an hour immense with anguish, the ordinary world around us seems unreal. It may not be an hour of anguish; it may be an hour of some awful joy. But up from the darkest valley, or

down from the highest mount of experience, we come, stunned with surprise. And all interest in the common things of life seems stopped for ever. Almost deliberately cruel appears the undisturbed regularity of things. Incredibly stupid seems the continued procession of daily affairs.

The world of nature, with its moods and motions, does not change a shade or pause a moment for all that we feel. Our hearts have been overwhelmed. We have stood in the hushed room and watched beautiful life withdrawing from the form of one dearer to us than anything the world contains. We have put our hopes into some good cause only to see it smashed against the harsh resistance of ignorance and wrong. We have been uplifted into a light, which makes all the things that once mattered seem unspeakably trivial. And, after it all, the surrounding scene is untouched by our amazement and grief; unstirred by our exultation. It appears to mock us. The morning sun shines cheerfully through the windows of the humanly darkened home. The rain drips with no more hint of tears than before. The hills are silent. The sea-tides rise and fall. We understand only too well the feelings of the man who suddenly lost all his fortune, and made his half-comic, half savage exclamation to the terrestrial globe: "Never you mind! Roll on!"

Not only nature, but the world of our own humanity is all around us with its business undelayed, its keenness unabated. It was once reported that, when news of the death of a noted business magnate reached Wall Street, something occurred which had never been known before. There was a hush for fully five minutes. The frantically busy men stopped and were dumb; there was no sound of voice or footfall; even the tape-machines ceased their ticking. Only five minutes, and then the mighty tide of affairs flowed noisily on—the noise only accentuated by the brief pause. The world's needs must be met; pleasure and greed keep

up their pursuits. The neighbors attend as usual to their work. The children's shouts are in the street. The postman knocks at the door. Trade is brisk in the market. The train comes punctually into the station. It is all the same.

NO DISCHARGE FROM DUTY

Then we are compelled, or choose without caring, to return to the old, simple duties. After days tremendous with the excitement and dread of love and sorrow, we take up the burden of ordinary life. With bewildered hearts we find ourselves standing amid familiar things. Unutterably empty seems the old place; meaningless the old work. But the place waits; the work has to be done. It may as well be done. Our enormous experience gives us no discharge from the ranks of little people; it has not removed us beyond the demands of the commonplace. The sunlight is an unearthly glitter. Our fellow-men, even the most sympathetic, are shadows. Yet all the same the sunlight falls; the fellow-men pass and look and speak. So it is back to the old things. It is taking up life again. And one says: "I go a-fishing."

And never more, we think, will the heart know peace, or joy gird us for life's endeavor. Never more, we think, will ordinary things be significant and worth while. Least of all could this happen amid the triviality of the tasks and affairs to which we have returned. Least of all amid the drudgery of unheroic fidelity. So for a time we think. But the truth is that along the plain road comes peace to us, if we do not turn from it. The reality of lost things comes running to meet us. Deep in the faithful heart is the fount of daybreak. The shores of dawn are there, and the voice of tender command, bidding us live on to finish the work and to greet life with "valor undismayed and happy astonish-

ment." Amid commonplace things, where the bread is broken and the fire kindled, we may prove the greatness of the hour through which we have passed, prove it by our Christly service to a needy world. "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me? . . . Feed my sheep."

The unchanged face of nature, which seemed at first to mock by callous indifference our singular loss, becomes a constant invitation to a larger emotion. It becomes an outward sign that what we felt to be irreparably shattered has passed into a more generous security than our weak holding. "Something remains unhurt." And the mind begins to flutter up from the little heap of mournful dust into the bright rays of the divine purpose of perfection, which is betokened by the sun that shines and the rain that falls alike on the sorrowful and the glad. And we echo the robust thought of Chesterton:

"Thank God, the stars are set beyond my power,
If I must travail in the night of wrath.
Thank God, my tears will never vex a moth,
Nor any curse of mine cut down a flower.

"Men say the sun was darkened; yet I had
Thoughts it beat brightly even on Calvary.
And He that hung upon the torturing tree
Heard all the crickets singing and was glad."

The enforced return to an active share in the world's little affairs; the resumption of life among the simple things of every day—these bring us to the sources of renewal and quiet assurance. We come to be very grateful that life is largely commonplace, and that, when the heart is too full to be endured, there remain the ordinary things to be done. We come to be grateful that great sorrow and great joy must stoop to the humble services of life. We just go on; we follow on. We follow the way of the things that remain. And we meet the daybreak, and we see the invisible. There among the things that remain abides the Lord of love.

REV. CHARLES NATHANIEL ARBUCKLE

Rev. Charles Nathaniel Arbuckle, Minister of the First Baptist Church, Newton Center, Mass., since 1919, was born in Newark, N. J., and educated in the Newark Schools and by private instruction. He graduated from Crozer Theological Seminary, Chester, Pa., in 1902, and received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University, in 1920. His former pastorates were both in Yonkers, N. Y. He is Lecturer in Newton Theological Institution, Trustee of Newton Theological Institution, Director of the American Baptist Publication Society, and Preacher in Schools, Colleges and Summer Conferences. His sermon, "A Religion of Power," is a remarkable combination of the eternal verities of the Gospel with the present day and generation, and blends the two in a forceful manner.

XII

A RELIGION OF POWER

Rev. Charles N. Arbuckle, D.D.

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."—Romans 1:16.

The characteristic word of Christianity in the New Testament is "power." When Paul, writing to the Romans, said that he was not ashamed of the gospel because it was "the power of God unto salvation," he set forth the chief credential of his religion. It is a power of God; that is, God manifests Himself in the life of man in an effective and startling way. When Christianity is received into a man's life something happens. He does not merely get a new idea. He gets a new character, a new effectiveness and a new moral energy.

The New Testament is the story of this power of God unto salvation. It is not a text-book of theology, as many think. There are several theologies in the New Testament, all in the making. Neither is it a text-book of science. It has no bearing whatever in this field. It is simply a record of the tremendous things that happened in the lives of men and women when they came into contact with the great, contagious personality of Jesus Christ.

When John the Baptist, perplexed and languishing in a Roman prison, sent to Jesus to ask Him if He were the one who should come, Jesus submitted His credentials to John's messengers and bade them go and tell John what they had

seen and heard,—"The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear and the dead are raised up and the poor have good tidings preached to them." The impotent, the diseased, the socially unfit, the spiritually broken were transformed by a new power. These credentials of redemption became the symbols of the universal fact which the Apostle Paul afterwards proclaimed that "the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believed."

I. CHRISTIANITY IS A RELIGION OF POWER

This is its distinctive characteristic. In Paul's day the world was not suffering from the lack of a moral ideal. The Jew had the Old Testament with its marvelous record of man's long struggle upward to a spiritual and ethical faith. He had the prophets, who had spoken more deeply concerning life than any others before the coming of the one who "spake as never man spake." The Romans had Cicero and Virgil and Seneca, Christ's great contemporary, and was to have Marcus Aurelius; the Greek had Homer, Plato and Socrates. No, the world was not suffering from any lack of a moral ideal, but it was desperately in need of a moral power. It needed to be able to realize on its idealism.

When Jesus came, He did not come merely as a teacher of new ideals, to raise up new ethical standards and to leave man standing aghast before them in their unattainable sublimity. He came into the world as a man who incarnated in Himself the best that the world had ever dreamed could be true and showed in His own life that the ideal could become the real. Indeed, this was His contribution to the life of the world. It is the thing that distinguishes Him from all other religious teachers. The men who founded the great religions of the past were sincere men and they taught many high things, but the most that they could hope

for was that they might honestly endeavor to practice what they preached. But Jesus preached only that which He first practiced, making every word that fell from His lips autobiographical and revealing; and in this He made for Himself a place in the life of the world that is utterly and divinely unique. He introduced into the world a new fact, and this was a new power,—the fact of a perfect personality. The world, once seeing this, could never be the same again. It was a new power because it was a personal force and it is a law of our being that personalities receive their strength and aspirations from other personalities.

Herein is a cardinal difference between science and religion. Science tells us about power. It treats of the great forces of nature; light, heat, electricity and life. But science always abstracts these forces from their origin. It has no word to say about the origin of light, or the origin of heat, or the origin of electricity. It does not tells us how life began. It assumes life and then tells us how it developed. But in religion, and preëminently in Christianity, the spiritual power is not abstracted from its source. It is ever considered in relation to its source. It is a power that comes from God unto salvation. It is the religion of a person—the power made manifest and incarnate in Christ. Take Christ out of Christianity and you will have nothing left. You take away the source of its power. There are those who believe that we should still have a wonderful teaching and that would be quite enough; but if this were all we had, we should be of all men most miserable, for it would show us but more patently how far short we come of the glory of God. When Jesus died on His cross, did His disciples on that dreary night after His crucifixion gather in the upper room and hold a memorial meeting for their Master and praise Him for the legacy of His teaching and the inheritance of His imperishable example? No, they had no spirit

for such an exercise as this. They felt that they had lost Him and they were beaten and discouraged men. And Peter, in the extremity of his despair, could think only of returning to his old vocation and announced that he was going fishing. But when once there came to those men, in the early morning, the first day of the week, the conviction that their Master was alive from the dead, they received a new power and His teaching took on a new pertinence. They were changed men and went out as emissaries of a new gospel which was to be the power of God unto salvation.

Thus it was that Christianity came into the world as an enabling act. Men had enough moral law. What they needed was a power of enforcement in themselves. It was the unique claim of Christ that He brought this power into the lives of men. He who received it added a new dimension to his life and by it came into league with the heavenly power and realized himself to be a Son of God.

II. IT WAS A POWER WITH A "CASH VALUE"

I mean by this that it was not a matter of deferred dividends, nor a post-mortem benefit, but a power for today. When the apostle proclaimed his gospel of a power of God unto salvation, he was speaking to men who needed to be saved then and there. We may well ask what was this salvation that issued from the power of God. "Salvation" is a wonderful word. It has been current in our religious thinking for many centuries and, like a coin that has been much in circulation, it has become defaced. We have abstracted it too much from life, made it a thing too exclusively of the future rather than the present, a concern of heaven rather than of earth, a legal technicality to establish our status at the bar of God, rather than a vital force in the throbbing lives of men today. I remember when I was a boy in the church where I grew up, that the saints used to

celebrate their religious hopes in song. It seemed that the chief concern of their salvation was to be able to read their title clear to a mansion in the sky, or to be assured that they would have a respectable galaxy of jewels in their crowns. But if religion is to be of value in this world of sin and failure, it must offer something far more tangible than titles to hypothetical mansions. There are some things that we are entitled to here and now, and the greatest of these is character. This is something greater than all other possessions, eternally enduring. But can we be said to have achieved character, even though we count ourselves saved, if we are habitually anxious about the morrow, constantly haunted by fears, always trembling before the unknown, given to besetting sins and self-indulgence, able to listen to the appeals of human need unmoved and to look upon the multitudes who are as sheep without a shepherd, without either understanding or compassion? What is the use of being saved if we are to live continually in impotence, failure and chagrin? We may have a title to a mansion in the sky, but is it to be inhabited at last by a spiritual cripple? The gospel is a power unto salvation, but from what are we saved? Our fathers said we were saved from hell, but what is hell other than the final subjugation of our souls to the things which now defeat us; fear, selfishness, sinfulness and stagnation? To be saved is to acquire power, to be able to rise above the things that defeat life. It is to connect with the divine resources of power and to be enabled to realize on life as it ought to be.

The benefit which Jesus would confer upon the world in its salvation had no limitations about it. It was unto all that believed. It was democratic rather than aristocratic. The Jew had been helped toward it by his prophets and the Greek was aware of it because of his need. But neither Jew nor Greek had it as a personal privilege. It was for all.

Christianity is the only religion which really believes in ordinary people. It believes in them because Jesus believed in them and because Christian history shows uncounted examples of human transformations among all the peoples of the world. This is the credential of Christianity; its power to make men—all men everywhere—different from what they are, to make bad men good and weak men strong; to make aliens into brothers, races into families and nations into neighborhoods. Like Paul, we need not be ashamed of such a religion as this. We need not proclaim its message with hesitation, apologize for the Church that is its custodian, nor defend the vocation of those who are called to be its ministers.

III. WE ARE NOT ASHAMED OF A RELIGION LIKE THIS

The Apostle Paul boldly declared his own unfaltering allegiance to this gospel. Doubtless there were those in Rome who thought he was ashamed of it because he had deferred his visit to their city for so long a time. They may have said, "He will never come here. Rome is the imperial city. All the power of world dominion is centered here. His message may be all right in the provinces, but it will never go in Rome." The text of this sermon is Paul's reply to this accusation: "I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God." Why should he be ashamed? It was the gospel of an imperial Christ. The Emperor of Rome dreamed of a day in which, riding in any direction astride his horse, he should be unable to pass beyond the limits of his dominion. It was an imperial dream. But Jesus, too, had an imperial dream: "You shall see the Son of Man seated on the right hand of power and coming on the clouds of heaven." These words may have been spoken in the strange vernacular of apocalypse, but their meaning is unmistakable. He was Lord of lords and King of kings,

and the gospel was simply the proclamation of His power. There was no need for Paul to be ashamed of it, even in Cæsar's household, nor need we be ashamed of it.

The emphasis of our day is on power. The physical world is yielding its secrets to the persistent inquiry of the scientists. They tell us of forces about us which surpass anything that man has ever dared to imagine before. In the life of man also we are discovering new resources and new power. The science of psychology is placing us in contact with the hidden secrets of the soul. We believe as never before in human possibilities.

Take up the magazines of today and read the advertisements, and you will soon discover this modern emphasis upon power. Here you are confronted with a glaring headline, "Why suffer with headache, backache and general debility, when I can cure you?" And then you are exhorted to send $3.00 for a set of physical exercises and counseled to devote ten minutes every morning to their practice and you will be well. Or you are confronted with the picture of a very self-confident young man shaking a menacing finger in your face and inquiring, "Do you want a rise in salary? Does the Board of Directors of the concern for which you work ever consult you? Are you covered with confusion when you face your employer? Write for my circular, telling how one man did it, and see how you can do it, too." Or you read the searching inquiry, "Are you a social success? If not, why not? Observe the two men in the accompanying illustration. Why are the ladies listening to one and ignoring the other? Because the one has something to say. Five dollars will bring you ten lessons on the art of making conversation, hints for current topics and how to make your personality count. You can do it,—do it now." Such admonitions as these are not entirely without truth. They are based on fairly well recognized physical and psy-

chological facts, but what I wish to point out is that the world of business is capitalizing our conviction of human possibilities. In a world like this, must not our religious message be as confident as that of those who have no interest beyond that of exploitation? Surely no gospel of apology, or speculation, or feeble wishing, or meager expectation would carry far in the minds of men accustomed to the incessant challenge of their latent possibilities on every hand. We have just the right message for a day like this. If others can tell men how to get rid of a headache, the minister of Christ can tell them how to get rid of a heartache. He can tell them where to find courage and how to secure strength. It is no new ideal alone that he presents. He does not send men out chasing moral rainbows, hard after elusive loveliness, but without hope of ever coming to the pot of gold. He speaks in the name of one who lived just such a life as all men must live today, and tells them that they need not miss spiritual achievement and character; that they can rise above the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and can achieve an unconquerable soul.

Is it the most that we can expect from our faith that we shall always be asking but never receiving, always seeking but never finding, always knocking but never discovering an open door? Then let us silence our prophets, for they mock us. Let us lock the doors of our churches, for they betray us. Let us forget our gospel, for we are ashamed of it. But, thanks be to God, we need not be ashamed, for He giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. The credentials of our faith are renewed in every generation and we are not ashamed of the gospel of God, for it is the power of God unto salvation to the men of today. In this confidence we proclaim our message with boldness and confront the empires of the world with the imperial claims of the Son of God.

REV. HENRY HILT CRANE

Rev. Henry Hilt Crane was born in Danville, Illinois, and had his college training in Wesleyan University, Connecticut, from which he received the A.B. degree; his theological training was completed in Boston University, leading to the degree of S.T.B. DePauw University, of Greencastle, Ind., conferred upon him in 1923 the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was ordained a Methodist Episcopal Minister in 1916, and held pastorates in Gosham, Me., and Newton, Mass. He has been Minister of Center Methodist Episcopal Church, Malden, Mass., since 1920. He is a widely sought speaker before Masonic and Odd Fellow gatherings, and has been a popular lecturer before large and appreciative groups of people. His sermon, "The Four Fundamentals," is the outcome of thought from pastorate experiences as well as war-time service in England and France in 1917, and will appeal because mankind is this very day striving anew to learn what really are the Fundamentals of life.

XIII

THE FOUR FUNDAMENTALS

Rev. Henry H. Crane, D.D.

The master mark of the wise man is his ability to differentiate between what is important—and everything else. A wise judge rendering a decision ignores the irrelevancies and points out the issue that is vital. A wise doctor diagnosing a case is not misled by unimportant ailments, but puts his finger on the symptoms that are really serious. A wise teacher instructing a pupil wastes no time on trivialities; he stresses the points that are paramount. A wise preacher dispensing the gospel dispenses with anything less than the gospel. A wise human soul of any kind reveals his wisdom by his power to get at the gist, the heart, the essence of the matter. He knows the difference between the things that really count and the non-essentials.

Most of us, however, are not wise—but otherwise. And the result is endless controversy, confusion and waste. In politics, for instance, we have our great party conventions spending time and energy and hundreds of thousands of dollars—for what? For nothing at all that really matters. Scarcely a single clear, positive statement on any vital issue is ever forthcoming. All the parading and spellbinding, committee contention and convention turmoil are for just one thing, obviously: to get " our party " into power. And what of that? It matters not at all which side wins, for there are no important principles at stake. It is all a struggle over non-essentials, from the point of view at least of

the common citizen, who is supposed to count for a little something in this United States.

In the religious world, to cite another notorious example, we have our so-called "Fundamentalist Controversy." That designation is a misnomer. If it actually were a matter of defending the real fundamentals of the Christian faith it might be worth while. But it isn't. It is a conflict over non-essentials. Of course so to state it may seem to be begging the question, but that is hardly the case. The fact is that virtually all of the present issues have been up for discussion in one form or another at various times in the past, and so far as it can be discovered they never have been settled save in one way only—by subsidence. That is, they were settled, if at all, simply by ceasing to talk about them, forgetting them. "Neither side won the game; the spectators left the benches." People quit caring. The issues had no vital connection with life. They were interesting, perhaps, but not essential. So they were allowed to fall into abeyance. There was something more important to do.

But we can never quit caring about the real fundamentals, any more than we can quit caring about life. In fact, that is precisely where we must start if we are ever to get at the essentials—with life itself. Whatever principles directly bear upon life, making it larger and more lovely, these are the fundamentals. Jesus dealt in fundamentals. He did not come saying, "I am come that you might have new dogmas and doctrines, and have them more defiantly." His wonder word was, "I am come that you might have life, and have it more abundantly." So He revealed to men the pole-star of truth, and taught them to think more clearly. He uncovered the touchstone of love, and urged them to feel more unselfishly. He opened the portal of courage, and challenged them to act more honestly. He pushed out the skylight of faith, and helped them to trust more unwaveringly.

And that was about all. For the fundamentals are few, not many. Perhaps they are only these four: Right thinking, right feeling, right acting, right believing.

As Henry van Dyke sings:

> *"Four things a man must learn to do*
> *If he would make his record true:*
> *To think without confusion clearly;*
> *To love his fellow-men sincerely;*
> *To act from honest motives purely;*
> *To trust in God and heaven securely."*

Let us consider them a bit; not exhaustively, just suggestively. First of all, right thinking. Here is a fundamental to which the modern day seems to be widely awake. All this popular enthusiasm for psychology, which in many instances has gone to ridiculous extremes, is evidence enough of the growing recognition of the superlative significance of right thinking.

But this emphasis is by no means new. Jesus made it over and over. As a matter of fact, one of the distinguishing characteristics of Christianity is that it has to do primarily with the mind of a man. The sin which is committed with the mind occurs again and again, and while it shows no ready results and seems so harmless, it is in reality breeding a million septic worms that crawl down through the life, eating away the very stamina of manhood.

It is no empty platitude; it is the veriest truth that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Whatsoever a man's thought life is, by and by his transactional life is bound to become. We sometimes wonder at the sudden fall of some highly respectable citizen. The deacon in the church, the president of the bank, or some supposedly reputable brother suddenly crumbles into moral collapse. We are all amazed. We cannot understand it. If we knew his inner life, however, the solution would not be difficult.

I saw a great oak tree fall flat to the ground one day in the midst of a thunderstorm. To the untrained eye it had appeared sound and strong. But it was merely a standing shell. Its heart had been eaten out by worms, and it could not stand the strain of sudden storm. The virulent germs that are multiplied in the mind by every evil thought eat out the heart of a man in much the same way. He is struck by a sudden gust of temptation, and the wreckage reveals the rottenness. A man must think morally and not immorally "if he would make his record true"—"for to be carnally minded is death." That's a real fundamental.

Not only is a man to think morally, he is to "think without confusion clearly." And it is quite as important that a man should think clearly as that he should think morally. A great deal of what is called "sin" in this world is due to nothing other than mere mental confusion. Few people would do those things which bring shame upon themselves if they grasped clearly the nature of the folly they were committing. Most of our foolishness comes as a result of self-deception.

And our quarrels—our personal, national, racial, religious, class quarrels—are due not to any deep-seated antagonism, but to misunderstandings. We do not think clearly, and our mental confusion manifests itself in the fact that we get angry or, as the popular expression has it, "we lose our heads."

Somebody emptied a bucket of water from an upper window upon the head of a philosopher one day as he was passing along the street. As is the way with water, it wet the brother. His shirt was spoiled, but not his spirit. He was a philosopher, a real one; he could think clearly. He refused to become angry. He maintained his self-control. He walked on unperturbed. "That man," thought he to himself, "threw that water not on me, but on what he

thinks I am." Of course, he really should have been "sensible," a "regular he-man," and smashed down the door of his assailant, beaten him soundly and sued him for damages. Thus he would have "defended his honor." Hs simply did a little clear thinking, however, and saved himself all that trouble.

All wars are but the ghastly and ruinous result of erroneous or corrupted thinking. Reduce this war business to its lowest terms, and what is the gist of it? Simply this: Nations fight for the same reasons boys do—because they are childish, lack self-control, and have not yet developed sufficient rational clarity to realize that brute force accomplishes nothing save the destruction of those who resort to it. Or for the same reason bullies or savages do—because they are what they are. Or for the same reasons "gentlemen" used to duel—because they are vain, silly, selfish and sensitive, and have diseased notions of "honor." Each of these sentiments is low, vicious, unreasoning and semi-civilized. Only muddled minds make them possible. And worst of all, when men wage war their reason is so twisted, their intelligence so beclouded, that in doing "hell's business" they "verily think they do God's service." Only as men learn "to think without confusion clearly" will they ever save themselves from war's "pentecost of calamity." It is fundamental.

Then there is the second great fundamental—right feeling. "To love his fellow-men sincerely," our little verse says; and that is perhaps as fine a phrasing of right feeling as there is. "Love" is the great key-word of the moral universe.

What, then, is the love enjoined? I think it is just this: a genuine desire for the welfare of every man. To love your fellow-men is to seek their highest welfare. Not that you are to throw your arms around your enemy and kiss

the brother! It is an ethical injunction, not a sentimental one. It is difficult, of course; but it is possible. It is practical. It is compulsory. We have tried every other known method of settling our disputes, and with uniform failure. Hate, intimidation, coercion, fear, force—these common expedients have solved no problems; they have but caused vastly more calamity than they ever cured. Industrially, socially, politically, religiously, internationally, there is but one way out of our difficulties, and that is down the roadway of love—deliberately seeking the welfare of our fellowmen everywhere, whether they be Americans or Germans, blacks or whites, Jews or Gentiles, laborers or capitalists.

That sounds real pious and mossy, no doubt. It has the sanctified smell of the Sunday School about it, you say. Well, it is not as soft as it seems. The truth of the matter is, this love business has teeth and claws in it; and those with hides to feel are sensing it. This old world, tottering on the verge of chaos, dizzy with the dangers that confront it, is at last being driven to the inevitable realization that this is the one way out. We simply must love each other—or be damned. It is precisely the situation that existed in the days of the French Revolution when a frenzied patriot staggered up to one of his compatriots and, holding a revolver at his head, screamed madly: "You be my brother or I'll blow your brains out!"

The third fundamental is right acting; according to the verse, "to act from honest motives purely." Right thought is the right condition of life; right feeling is the right motion of life; right action is the right expression of life. Thought and feeling may correspond to the sap, but action corresponds to the leaves of a tree. Continually cut away the leaves, and the tree will die; let them grow naturally and freely, and there is "life more abundant."

Goodness is not a gift of nature; it is an art. We develop

it by practice. By daily and hourly allowing good impulses to find their way to outward action, and repressing evil impulses, the good finds more and more place in our character, and the bad more and more dies away. Whoever persistently allows himself to practice what he feels to be wrong will find himself gradually losing the power of moral discernment, gradually rubbing out the lines that separate vice from virtue and honor from baseness. This is the only heresy of which we need be seriously afraid—the heresy of a mind whose ideas are stunted, dwarfed and bent by wrongdoing; the heresy of a heart in which has been blighted the impulse to act aright, " to act from honest motives purely."

Lastly, the fourth fundamental—right believing. " Trust in God and heaven securely." So far we have dealt mainly with the individual; now we come to his relation with the universe. Character begins in thought. It moves outward toward life in love, and it comes to full being in action. But it is only when we have learned the lesson of trust in God and in good that we find our spiritual orbit and come to full self-realization.

What does it mean " to trust in God and heaven securely "? It means very much indeed. But the essence of it all, I think, is simply this: to believe with all your heart, soul, mind and strength that good is stronger than evil, that truth is more powerful than falsehood, that righteousness is the ultimate law of things; that the man who is honest, courageous and clean has behind him the unseen forces of the universe, " the stars in their courses " fight for him. And to " trust securely " is to believe all this when there seems to be every rason to disbelieve it, when all the arguments of expediency clamor and screech against it; to believe it to the extent that you are willing to risk everything on its ultimate validity, to stake your very soul's salvation on it.

REV. FLOYD W. NEASE

Rev. Floyd W. Nease is President of Eastern Nazarene College, Wollaston, Mass. He is the son of a Minister, born in Michigan, and holds degrees of A.B. and A.M. from University of Southern California, B.D. detgree from Pasadena College, and S.T.M. degree from Boston University. In 1919 he became Registrar and Professor of Philosophy and Religion in Eastern Nazarene College. In 1922 he was appointed Acting President of the same Institution, and became President in 1924. In 1923 he was made a member of the General Board of Education of the Church of the Nazarene. He was ordained a Minister of the Church of the Nazarene in 1918. His sermon on "Life Through Death" is on one of the fundamental tenets of St. Paul's gospel, and offers a fervent challenge to mankind today.

XIV

LIFE THROUGH DEATH

President Floyd W. Nease

"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the son of God."—Galatians 2:20.

In man's first estate the law of his nature was the glory of God. Being created for that purpose and having come from the hand of his Creator an essentially holy being it was, most certainly, his nature to bring glory to his God and to fulfil in his own normal life the will of his Creator. The will of God was his supreme law of duty.

Throughout the whole list of the functionings of man's soul every faculty gave fullest evidence of this splendid harmony with heaven's highest standards. His intellect glorified God, his thought, rational processes, imagination, perceptions, all were in spontaneous agreement with the King of Glory. Such an intellect would never have trouble with "destructive criticism" or be given to doubting the goodness and wisdom of his Lord.

With equal assurance it may be affirmed that the affectionate nature of man found its center and highest good in God's glory. Man loved what God loved and treated with aversion what God abhorred. The appetites of the soul fed only upon the wholesome and the holy and with the freest spontaneity, man loved God with all his mind, might, soul and strength.

The will in its own right glorified God. The creature's

choices harmonize fully with the Creator's desire, and that not out of compulsion or necessity, but out of that freedom of choice which is the highest power of man. Thus the holy man in all the full-orbedness of his personality, intellect, sensibility, and will swung in fullest harmony with the nature and will of God, and was pronounced "good—very good." As a center of motivation, self, as being in contrarity with the will of Jehovah was unknown.

But when the dark picture of the fall confronts us, all is changed. The temptation of the fall was an appeal to self. In the very nature of this appeal was the urge to elevate the self to the place of God and to make all action and desire and thought to flow from the stagnant pool of self-satisfaction rather than to have their rise in the life-giving currents of God's glory. The fall was in itself essentially a shifting of this center of motivation from God and His glory to self and its satisfaction. Man's center of gravity shifted from the perpendicular or heavenly plane, to the horizontal or earthly plane. Like the building which has been undermined and totters from its stable foundation, falling in a broken mass below, but little resembling the glorious structure which the architect erected, so man fell from his pristine holiness bearing the unmarred image of God, to a condition in which the image of God was broken and every faculty of the soul was shattered by the impact. Self became the new center about which the whole personality revolved.

The temptation first appealed to the intellect. Man was to know, was to have knowledge of good and evil. Previously all knowledge was in God, of God, through God; now it is in self, of self, through self. Thus it is that today fallen man may study the book of nature-science, may study the book of revelation, the Bible, and in so doing may assume such an attitude that God is not found in nature and that inspiration is read out of the holy Scriptures. When

one thus self-centered makes search for truth he may find himself involved in a " vain philosophy." This is the reason that man by knowledge cannot find God. Science, philosophy, history, art, even theology may be so dominated by self that in the pursuit of the nature and meaning of the world and of life, God cannot be found or is removed so far as to be largely inconsequential in the life of man. Thus it is that a man may be learned, cultured, courteous and refined and yet be self-centered. In fact, until the work of God's sanctifying grace has been performed in the heart of man he is unavoidably self-centered and could never cry out: " I am crucified with Christ." This explains why the learned, the wealthy, and the powerful are ever slow to accept Christ. Christ represents a new center of living, a new center of motivation, one to which they cannot attain by their learning, wealth, or power, and one which is therefore to them repulsive and undesirable.

One must be able to say with St. Paul: " I am crucified," before he can truthfully say: " The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God—yea, Christ liveth in me."

And so unrenewed man finds his affectionate nature centered in self rather than in God. Remember, " The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost "—*in the Holy Ghost.* Ah! that is the difficulty. A system of morals calls for righteousness. Every man wants peace, all want joy, but it must be for the unregenerate man in self, all in self. Thus man's appetites are satisfied only in self-indulgence; feelings, eyes, ears, all the sensibilities must contribute to the satisfaction of self. This man finds his will functioning naturally for self-satisfaction. He never could exclaim: " Thy will, not mine, be done," for exactly the opposite motivation is the one from which he acts and plans and purposes. Self-will, not God's will,

is the spring from which fallen man finds his life issues flowing.

Self, then, in the normal unregenerated life, the life of every unsaved man, is the center-pin around which all the soul revolves, the hub of life toward which the spokes which support man's plans and purposes point, the center of gravity to which all his living tends. Indeed, this self-life is restricted by law, custom, propriety, conventionality, conscience and the Holy Spirit, else we would have an unbearable world where true society did not exist. Yet one has but to look at the strata of our social fabric from the élite to the dregs to be convinced that self is the center toward which all the ambitions point.

Through the saving grace of God as expressed in the death of Jesus Christ on Calvary, God has undertaken to bring man back to his original relationship to Himself where the law of God's glory will again be man's supreme law of duty. And since the constitution of this self-control in man is two-fold, the self-nature and the self-life, God has ordained to rectify this state of man in which he is sinful both by nature and by action, by two distinct and well-defined works of divine grace; regeneration, which deals with the act of sin and imparts divine life; and sanctification, which removes the sin nature and fills the soul with the Holy Spirit. This latter work is also called the baptism with the Holy Spirit.

The normal regenerate heart is one where the self is restricted by divine law, but yet existent. In such a heart the "new man created in Christ Jesus" reigns, but not without a rival,—self. Thus it is that the regenerate man has a dual nature, the divine nature implanted in regeneration and the self nature, the former being active and dominant, the latter being restricted and suppressed. Here the will must be constantly exercised and the most careful atten-

tion must be given lest " a root of bitterness (self) springing up " give trouble, and the sinful nature come again into ascendancy.

But the religion of Jesus Christ makes provision for complete freedom from this " body of sin." One does not have to continue with this double-nature condition. Ample provision has been made for the cleansing of the heart from all unrighteousness. What knowledge could give greater assurance to earnest Christians? What provision could give one greater proof of the limitless love of God and of the completeness of His redemption? Suppression of the self-nature belongs only to the unsanctified heart. " This is the will of God, even your sanctification."

Now, the word sanctification means " the act of making holy." It is the act of God's free grace whereby subsequent to regeneration, and upon condition of complete consecration and faith, God through the agency of the Holy Spirit cleanses the heart from the last and least remains of sin. The self-nature goes, so that now again the center of man's life is God. His supreme delight is the law of God's glory. Every passion and temper not in the heart of Jesus Christ is taken from the heart of the followers of Christ—the Christian. The heart is filled with divine love and is sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise. The " new man " now reigns without a rival.,

And this I conceive to be what St. Paul meant when he asserted: " I am crucified with Christ." The self-nature has been put to death, it has ceased to exist as a source of motivation, it has been eradicated, I have died to sin and self. Yet I live. I live the life for which I was created. A life in which Christ becomes the great touchstone of my thought, my desire, my will. This is the life of faith, faith in the Son of God, this is the life of the sanctified."

Since the dawn of thought among men, there has been a

search for the highest good, the *sumum bonum* for mankind. At various periods in the history of the race special stress has been laid upon personal ethics, social contacts or cultural advantages as the media through which the longings of the soul of man might find satisfaction. In no generation has this urge been stronger than in our own, among no people is there manifested greater ingenuity in the suggestion of panacea or curatives for the ills of humanity than among us, and yet the golden age is still afar —indeed, very far—off.

Someone has suggested that it is unfair to declare Christianity a failure until it has been tried. To this I agree. Christianity places emphasis preëminently upon the individual personality and its relation to God. To a most harmonious agreement between the Father of New Testament teaching and mankind there is but one hindrance—sin. This sin consists in its very essence in the exaltation of the self-nature to the place of deity. The worship of self has the greatest number of devotees of any religion. How can the disorganizing, disintegrating, self-worshiping principle be removed from the souls of men? Through what experience must one pass to bring again a harmonious, organic condition in his own heart and consciousness relative to God?

It is this very question which I am certain St. Paul has solved for us. A crucified-self, a state of soul where Christ is the center, a Christ-indwelt individual, this is the answer to the heart's imperious cry. This death to self is nothing more than every thoughtful man realizes in the moments of his deepest penetration and utmost candor to be necessary. What transformations it would work in the individual, in the home, in business, in politics and in society!

The moral evils of life are thus corrected at their base—the individual heart. Instead of self-centeredness, Christ-

centeredness; this will regenerate the race as well as the isolated individual.

Unlike a philosophical solution which may suggest a cure but has no enabling power, Christianity has won its way by the dynamic which it affords. The gospel is " the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The individual thus believing on Christ as Saviour and cleanser of his heart will find his life lived by a new rule, a new spring of motivation is dominant, the old self-life and nature is gone and his happy heart can triumphantly declare with St. Paul: " I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God."

REV. EDWARD McARTHUR NOYES

Rev. Edward McArthur Noyes, Minister of The First Church in Newton Congregational, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, the son of a Minister. He holds A.B. and B.D. degrees from Yale University, and in 1926 Middlebury College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was ordained a Minister of the Congregational Church in 1883, and his first pastorate was of Pilgrim Congregational Church, Duluth, Minnesota. He became Minister of his present Church, in 1894, making the length of his pastorate thirty-two years October, 1926. His sermon, " What Is Salvation? ", is a revival of a subject about which our pulpits paid little attention for some years, but which is now receiving increasing emphasis.

XV

WHAT IS SALVATION?

Rev. Edward M. Noyes, D.D.

"*The son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*"—Luke 19:10.

This is an authoritative statement. It is not an inference from our study of the life and teaching of Jesus. It claims to be His own declaration of the meaning and purpose of His mission, and it bears the stamp of genuineness. It is a comprehensive statement. It includes both personal and social salvation. It covers all phases of the redemptive influence of Jesus. It is a universal statement. All Christians in every age have accepted it. The vision of man restored to uprightness in a kingdom of brotherhood and peace still stands as the goal of prophetic dream and social aspiration.

But every age defines the terms of this declaration in accordance with its own conceptions of life and its dominant spirit. What is it to be lost? What is it to save? The historic answers to these questions fill dusty volumes in our libraries. The fundamental idea of deliverance from the guilt and power of sin and restoration to divine favor has found expression in many and varied forms: a ransom paid to Satan; deliverance from the fires of hell; separation from the world in cloister or cave; the intellectual assent to dogmatic statements of belief; participation in sacrament and ritual; the passing through a prescribed emotional experience, and many others. Each expresses a portion of the

truth. Salvation is too great a thing to be comprehended in a phrase. The love of God passeth knowledge in its end as well as in its beginning, in its ultimate fruitage as truly as in its initial sacrifice.

We live in an industrial and commercial civilization. The great achievements of the modern world are in the development of latent powers, the utilization of hitherto neglected energies, the elimination of waste and the conservation of natural resources. We make the by-products of coal-tar manufacture more valuable than the tar itself. We find unsuspected wealth in abandoned piles of sawdust and turn them into turpentine and fuel. The efficiency engineer is everywhere busy, teaching us how to save time and energy and utilize what our fathers threw away.

Our religious and social philosophy inevitably reflects this spirit of the age. We do not think in terms of third century asceticism or the religious chivalry of the thirteenth century. It is not strange, therefore, that we should use economic terms in discussing religion. For example, Professor Thomas Nixon Carver, of the Economics Department of Harvard, argues that religion is necessary because it aids the social and economic development of the community. That is the best form of religion " which (1) acts most powerfully as a spur to energy and (2) directs that energy most productively " (*The Religion Worth Having*, p. 13). Professor William Ernest Hocking, of the same university, in his suggestive book, *Human Nature and Its Remaking*, thus defines salvation: " A man can be said to be saved . . . not alone when he is reclaimed from rebellion or criminality: he is saved in so far as he is not wasted, in so far as the human material in him gets a chance at self-expression and utilization " (p. 279). Religion thus becomes " the general economy of life." Its problem is not only " How many can we save? " but also " How much of

a man can we save? " In the light of this definition, this familiar text means that our Lord came to save from waste and to utilize what was being lost in humanity. That is salvation in terms of the present generation.

I. Let us take this conception of salvation to the New Testament and test it by the words of Jesus.

We are struck, to begin with, by His poignant sense of the waste of life and by His indignation as He beholds it. Recall, for example, how His wrath blazes when He contrasts men's haste to save a sheep on the Sabbath, lest they lose their property, with their unwillingness to have a man healed of his infirmity. They don't care if God's property is abandoned to waste, but it seems to Him a terrible defeat of the divine purpose (Matt. 12:9-12). In his account of the healing of the woman crippled with rheumatism, Luke gives us a vivid picture of the indignation of Jesus in a similar situation. The ruler of the synagogue was " moved with indignation " because Jesus had healed on the Sabbath, and rebuked Him. Can you not see the Master's eye flash in righteous anger as He exclaims: " Ye hypocrites, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from its stall? " No wonder that, " as he said these things, all his adversaries were put to shame " (Luke 13:10-17). Read again the Parable of the Pounds, spoken in immediate connection with our text, or the Talents, and note the approval of thrift in the use of God's gifts and the condemnation of misuse and waste. " Thou wicked and slothful servant, . . . thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the bankers." Or, better still, turn to that immortal trilogy, The Lost Coin, The Lost Sheep, The Lost Son. The Prodigal was " wasting his substance," throwing his life away, in the far country. Men despised him as no better than their swine. But the lonely father still prized him.

"What men ignored in me
That was I worth to God,"

sings Browning, interpreting the spirit of this story. Once more, stand beside the Master, as He looks with infinite compassion on the multitude. He is moved with a passionate longing to save these poor, ignorant, aimless wanderers from wasting their lives in fruitless efforts. He compares them to ripe grain. If it is not reaped at once it falls to the earth and is lost beyond recovery (Matt. 9:37). His soul is filled with pity and His eyes are moist with tears as He looks upon the crowd. Only one who knew the possibilities of humanity could realize the awful waste of God's good grain. With what mingled sorrow and indignation must He look down upon the terrible squandering of life in modern warfare, or upon the maimed and broken wrecks of sin in a great city. These men and women might have been as fair and beautiful, as busy and happy, as the angels of God. Oh! the pity of it! The infinite pity of it! The awful wrong and terrible sin of this waste of God's precious gift of life! Yes, this economic conception of salvation may not be exhaustive, but it finds abundant support in the words and the attitude of Jesus.

II. Accepting, then, for the moment, this definition of salvation, let us ask how the Son of Man saves the precious material of humanity from waste and loss.

A child is a bundle of possibilities. He has tendencies and adaptabilities, but not yet a character. His powers must be developed, trained, and exercised, or they will never come to maturity. Opportunity, motive, impulse and guidance are necessary. The problem of life is to make the most of these latent powers and save them from waste and loss through disuse.

God uses many agencies to this end. A man is saved from waste, in some measure, by his daily occupation.

Work is a means of grace and some of the most essential elements of character can be developed in no other way than by the faithful carrying out of the appointed task. As Professor Drummond puts it: "An office is not a place for making money, it is a place for making character. A workshop is not a place for making machinery, it is a place for making men." No man becomes a saint by dreaming of goodness. Honesty, reliability, accuracy, thoroughness,—these are sterling qualities of character. They are not learned from books, but can be gained only by honest and good work.

Much of our life, especially in the formative years, is spent in the family. This, also, plays a large part in the completing of the soul. A home is a school for the teaching of courtesy, humility, unselfishness, tenderness, sympathy. In the intimacy of the home circle we learn to live together without friction in mutual tolerance and helpfulness. The graces of life are acquired here or they are never gained at all. Here one learns that love which abides as long as life lasts, and which is stronger than death. We call the family a divine institution because it shadows forth eternal realities. God is the eternal Father and heaven is the home into which His children are gathered. We fit ourselves for the family life of heaven by the highest use of the family life on earth.

Another saving agency is the school. The aim of education is to give "the human material a chance at self-expression and utilization," to bring out and develop the latent powers and make life not only ampler and more satisfying but also more useful.

We are thus set in the midst of relations which tend to make a complete and well-rounded life. But the result is far from satisfactory. Too many men are dishonest and disloyal in business and professional life. Too many homes

are full of discord and bitterness. Too often the wits sharpened by the schools become weapons against the peace and welfare of society. It is evident that a man cannot be saved from waste and loss by any agency which is outside himself. There must be some transforming and saving energy within the soul.

How does Jesus Christ save from this defeat and loss? The case of Zacchæus may furnish a suggestion. Jesus gives him as an example of a man who was being lost and was saved. He was no drunken profligate, but a prosperous and prudent business man. But he was losing out of life its most precious treasures—reverence, honor, integrity, sympathy, loving service of his fellows. What did it profit him if he gained the whole world and lost his own soul? Jesus saved him by giving him an insight into what life means and inspiring him to change his attitude toward it. In his case, the change was revolutionary. Instead of a selfish, grasping, unscrupulous tax-collector, he became a just and generous man, restoring his ill-gotten gains with interest and helping those whom he had robbed. We wish that we could follow Zacchæus in his spiritual pilgrimage. His face is turned toward the celestial city as he passes from our sight and we are assured that he will go on from strength to strength until he appears in Zion before God.

Jesus Christ saw even in a tax-gatherer an undeveloped saint. He sees in us all the infinite possibilities. He seeks our friendship, as He sought Zacchæus, and our hearts respond to His loving sympathy. In His presence we begin to see how life is wasted if it is devoted to greed, selfish indulgence or frivolity, and get a glimpse of its nobler uses. In the fellowship with God which He makes possible the spiritual nature expands as a plant in the sunshine. If we abide in Him and His words abide in us it is impossible that we shall fail to bear the fruit of the abundant life. A life

thus filled with the fruits of His spirit—love, joy, peace, kindness, goodness—is a life saved from waste and loss, saved for itself, for society and for God. The prologue of John's Gospel puts this process of salvation into a single text: " But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

III. But salvation is social as well as individual. Christ came to seek and to save a lost world, not a few people out of the world.

The complacency of the modern world was rudely shattered by the Great War. Later events have done little to restore it. These are critical days in politics. Nearly every government in Europe and Asia is unstable and its tenure of power uncertain. Even in lands which seem most secure and most democratic, like our own, government is being subtly transformed. The tendency is toward government by groups, through mutual concessions and bargains, instead of by responsible political parties. Even more universal is the spirit of social unrest. There is widespread revolt against the evils of the present order and a readiness to espouse radical and revolutionary remedies. Many are ready, to borrow Lowell's phrase, " to mend the watch by taking out the mainspring." There is in many lands a financial crisis. It is impossible to throw away billions of dollars in a world war and escape the consequences. Bitter poverty, heartbreaking debts, and heroic readjustments are inevitable. But the religious crisis is deepest and most fundamental. The basic question of our age is whether or not the ideals of Christ shall prevail in international relations. It is a question which can no longer be postponed or evaded. If the old régime of selfish greed, rivalry, jealousy and hatred is to be maintained, our civilization is doomed to go down in blood and fire.

But if the leadership of Christ be followed we may deal

successfully with the problems which vex human society. It is not by improvements in the mechanism of government and of industry, but by a new spirit and temper that the world will be saved. As new problems arise the standard of character must be raised until it is able to meet them. Men who are themselves not professed disciples of Christ see no hope for the future of civilization apart from His influence. "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved."

IV. This definition of salvation affects our idea of the Church and its mission.

In the parable which follows the visit to Zacchæus, the nobleman demands of his slothful servant, "Wherefore gavest thou not my money into the bank?" A bank is an institution for saving money. It combines the small savings of many people and invests them productively, insuring safety and profit to each. A church is an institution for spiritual savings. It gathers together the spiritual capital of many people and so invests it in their common worship and united service that the life of each is enriched, and together they accomplish what would be impossible by individual effort. It is a spiritual bank. Every Christian is urged to put his life into it, for greater security and for larger gain. But the call of the Church does not end there. It is not a summons to enlightened self-advantage. Rather is it a bugle-call to service. The Church exists not primarily to save its members, but to save the world. It is the body of Christ through which He continues His distinctive mission of seeking and saving the lost.

This must be the basis of its appeal, especially to youth. Our grandfathers called men to repent in order that they might escape eternal punishment. No thoughtful man will minimize the seriousness of the penalty for sin. But Jonathan Edwards' Enfield sermon, which made his hearers

almost beside themselves with fear, would have no terrors for the youth of today. In days of persecution and suffering the picture of the peace and joy of heaven has proved a powerful motive to bring men into the kingdom of God. But it leaves the men and women of this age cold and indifferent. This present world is too comfortable and satisfying. But the heart leaps up as of old to meet the challenge of Jesus, " Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Let men realize that He has come to make a new world, a world of brotherhood and peace, and that He summons every one of us to stand beside Him and help Him in this gigantic task, and they are ready to enlist in His service.

Thus the ideals of self-culture and self-sacrifice meet in the teaching of Jesus. It is no longer " thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece," but Hellenism and Hebraism are combined. The primary duty of life is to make the most of ourselves, to develop to the limit every gift with which we are entrusted by God. Not to do so is to prove a " wicked and unprofitable servant." Only in the service of Jesus can we thus grow into full manhood and womanhood. But self-culture is not for its own sake, not for selfish enjoyment or gain. It is to make possible a larger and more effective service. Your own life is saved from waste and loss and developed in symmetry and power in order that you in turn may be in larger measure a saviour of others and a factor in the salvation of the world.

" The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." As we listen again to this great word of the Master we cannot fail to catch the note of spiritual passion. How intensely Jesus cares whether men are saved or lost! He gave His life a ransom for many. This is His revelation of the heart of God. The background of all His teaching is that God cares supremely what we make of life. Many besides ourselves have a stake in our lives. It makes a tre-

mendous difference to our parents and our family whether we succeed or fail. It is not a matter of indifference to the community, the state and the nation whether we become an asset or a liability. But nobody else has so much at stake, nobody else has made so great an investment in us as God. Nobody else watches the outcome with such eager and anxious solicitude.

REV. CHARLES EDWARDS PARK

Rev. Charles Edwards Park, Minister of The First Church in Boston, Unitarian, organized 1630, was born at Mahabaleshwar, India, the son of Congregational Missionaries. He is a graduate of Yale University, and received his training for the ministry at the Divinity School of Chicago University, and in 1916 received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Meadville Theological Seminary. His pastorates have been in Geneva, Ill., Hingham, Mass., and since 1906 he has been Minister of The First Church in Boston. In 1912, 1913 and 1914, he was one of the Board of Preachers at Harvard University. His sermon, " A Representative Man," is an able presentation of the human side of Jesus.

XVI

A REPRESENTATIVE MAN

Rev. Charles E. Park, D.D.

"The son of man came eating and drinking."—Matthew 11:19.

There is nothing remarkable about this text save that it indicates that the Son of Man was just as much in need of food and water as the rest of us. He found it necessary to eat and drink in order to keep soul and body together. The real significance of the words lies in their context. The Son of Man is described in contrast to John the Baptist, who, we are told, neither ate flesh nor drank wine. He was a vegetarian and a teetotaler. He belonger to a little monastic community whose headquarters were off there somewhere in the Wilderness of Tekoa. They called themselves Nazarites. The rules of the order forbade its members to shave or cut their hair, or to eat flesh or to drink wine. John the Baptist lived up to the letter of the rule.

These peculiarities of personal deportment which John the Baptist displayed had two results. Among the humbler and more ignorant people they brought him great credit. He had the reputation of being a very holy man. He was listened to with respect, not to say awe. His austerities were more than picturesque, they were impressive—they gave proof of a high index of spiritual capacity. Among the wiser, more sophisticated people, John's peculiarities were looked upon with contemptuous amusement. "Hullo—here's another one of those Nazarite cranks: matted hair,

dirty, tangled beard, drinks water, eats locusts and wild honey. It must be a sweet way to live. Wonder what satisfaction he finds in it, if any? Evidently he hath a devil. He must be peculiar. He must have a screw loose somewhere. Nothing that he says can have any weight with me."

It is in contrast to John the Baptist, the Nazarite crank, that Christ describes Himself as the Son of Man. He says the Son of Man came eating and drinking. That is to say, the Son of Man came living just exactly the kind of life that we are all living. He was no crank. He belonged to no order of fanatics. He had taken no vows. There was nothing peculiar, unusual, eccentric, one-sided about Him. He was just a stock sample of ordinary humanity, very much like any other carpenter whom you might meet in the streets of Capernaum. He wore the same clothes, and ate the same food, and drank the same wine, and laughed at the same jokes as everybody else. The Son of Man came eating and drinking. The only significance the words contain is that suggestion, heightened by contrast with John the Baptist, that Christ was just a plain everyday sample of the ordinary human being.

This absence of personal peculiarities in Christ has had two results. With a certain class of people, thoughtless and emotional people, it has tended to discredit Christ. Why should they listen to Him, or follow Him? He was no different from anyone else—a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. He gave no evidence of holiness, or of spiritual authority. When they asked Him for a sign, He refused to give any sign—save the sign of the Prophet Jonah, which was the sign of great power and earnestness as a preacher of righteousness. That sign Christ would give, but that was the only one. And if that was not enough, if the power of His words and the fervor of His earnestness was not

enough to win their recognition of His authority, why—He must go without that recognition. There was a certain class of people who, at the time He lived, were offended in Him just because He refused to be peculiar, refused to assume the affectations of holiness, refused to live in ways different from the ways of ordinary life. And ever since His death this class of people have been at great pains to supply this lack in Him. They have created and circulated many an ancient legend pertaining to His birth and death. They have adorned His actions with many a striking miraculous detail. They have sought in every way to set Him up before the world as a marked man—essentially unlike the ordinary run of humanity.

But there is another class of people who have reacted in quite a different way to the thought that the Son of Man came eating and drinking—that Christ was just like the rest of us and lived in an ordinary, conventional, inconspicuous fashion. To them it is the one cause of profoundest gratitude that Christ was not in any way peculiar, either in nature, or habits of life, or spiritual experience. He was ordinary man, developing His spiritual faculties as we can all develop ours, finding His way to the consciousness of God by a path which is open to all of us. In the truest and deepest sense of the word He was representative—representative of us, of humanity at its ordinary daily level—and that one thought of His representativeness is about the most precious thought we can harbor concerning Christ.

For my own part, I confess that when I read the ordinary spiritual biography, I have a feeling of combined hopelessness and resentment. Perhaps some of you have had the same feeling. It is caused by the very obvious unrepresentativeness of the man whose religious experience is recorded. He is not like me. He is not like anybody I know. He did not live my kind of life. The things that happened

to Him were not anything like the things that happen to me. He is not in my class. His experience is quite alien to the course of humdrum events that makes up my experience. And if that experience precipitated a marked spiritual crisis in His life, it's all very nice, and very entertaining and sometimes very interesting, but what has it to do with me? His case does not fit mine. His experience does not answer my problem, or throw any light upon my difficulty.

For example—I read the story of Paul—Paul in his early days, breathing threatenings and slaughter against the Christians, Paul watching the mob while they stoned young Stephen to death. Paul on the way to Damascus, brooding over that dying Christian, recalling the look on his face when he fell asleep, until a sudden revulsion of feeling sweeps through all his members and he falls to the ground in the throes of conversion. That is all very nice and proper. Had I been in Paul's place I should very likely have done the same. But the trouble is, I've never been in Paul's place. I've never seen a Christian martyr stoned to death. I sincerely hope I never shall. As a spiritual influence upon my case, what has that story to offer me? What help does it contain for me? Or again, there is the story of St. Augustine, one of the noblest of Christians—the last of the ancients, the first of the moderns—what a fascinating tale! A young manhood of intellectual restlessness that searched the entire field of thought for a safe guidance, and that was spiced with just enough wildness to make him an interesting sinner, a mother whose love for him never faltered, whose trust in him never grew weary, who shed quarts of tears over his moral and theological irregularities until the very tenacity of her trustful love brought on that change in his mood which we call conversion, and turned him into a Christian. That is all very well for Augustine, but what significance has the story for me? My

mother never shed more than half a pint of tears over me. I am ashamed that she had occasion to shed even so many as that. But unless the conditions were approximately the same, what sense is there in holding St. Augustine before me as the type and sample of the Christian life?

Perhaps you agree with me that to have such cases held up to us as examples to emulate brings out a certain restiveness, a certain resentment. It is not fair treatment. The cases do not match. If young Francis is brought to death's door by disease, and there gives himself to Christ, if Ignatius Loyola finds his shapely limbs shattered by a cannon-ball and thereafter consecrates what is left of his life to the Virgin, or if Martin Luther's dearest friend is struck dead at his side by a bolt of lightning so that Luther turns his attention thenceforth to the profound questions of God and freedom and faith, why, all we can say is good for them. We should probably have done the same in their place. But suppose we are not in their place. Suppose no sickness has brought us to death's door. Suppose no cannon-ball has shattered our shapely limbs, suppose no bolt of lightning has struck our dearest friend dead at our side. What significance have such lives for us, and what value have such examples for us?

The annals of Christian biography are pretty heavily loaded with instances of that nature. We get tired of them. We get tired of the implication that the Christian life cannot begin except with a profound and soul-upsetting conversion, and that it requires something violent, something extraordinary to bring this conversion about. Most of us never were converted. Must we say that we are not Christians? Most of us never had anything terrible happen to us. Must we say that we are not Christians? We get so hungry for an instance of natural Christianity. Oh God, for once leave out your predestined cannon-balls and your

providential bolts of lightning, and let Thy children feast their hungry eyes on a representative case of Christian living—someone who possessed no fortunate eccentricities of nature, someone who underwent no unusual experience, but whose normal and balanced soul turned naturally to God, in obedience to the spontaneous impulses of his being, as placidly, as quietly, as inevitably, as the eyes of a maiden look unto the hand of her mistress, or as a wild flower turns unto the sun. There will be our representative case. There will be the man who can speak to us with authority, and whose example shall have the fullest weight with us.

God has an answer to that prayer. The answer takes a form least expected to many sincere Christians. Christ Himself is that representative Man. The Son of Man came eating and drinking. The Son of Man came in our average human guise, clothed is our normal and ordinary estate, claiming no advantage, enjoying no immunity, dependent upon the same necessities, living the same obscure, handicapped uneventful life. The very name by which He loved to speak of Himself proclaims that typical representative quality in Him—the Son of Man. He was a stock sample of humanity. He gloried in it. His experience in practical matters was like as two peas to a thousand or a million other practical Fates at this time. So far as we know, He was never converted. He was baptized by John, but that merely indicated agreement with John on a political issue. So far as we know, neither earthquake, whirlwind, nor fire terrified Him into a great spiritual cataclysm. His soul unfolded in the warmth of God's love as naturally as a lily unfolds in the sunlight, and at the bidding of that still small voice which speaks in your hearts and minds as well as in His.

To be sure, He had tremendous spiritual powers—tremendous spiritual capabilities, but He would be the first to

insist that we have them too—they are a standard part of the equipment of ordinary men and women—if only we would recognize them and put them to their proper use. The Son of Man living a life so happy, so abundant, so rich in results that we call it divine—as all other sons of men may—a representative Man, an instance of natural Christianity. To my mind that is the most precious thought of all about Christ. He took this poor battered, despised, unappreciated instrument which we call human nature, and for the few months and years that it was in His possession He drew from it the grandest and the sweetest melody the world has ever heard. Then He hands the instrument back to us —the same instrument; there would be no point in His example if it were not the same instrument, and bids us draw from it a melody equally grand and sweet.

We say it cannot be done. No, no. It is too difficult for us. It is beyond our power. Talk all you please about the Son of Man, a representative case, yet in the end Christ will be found in a class by Himself. He had unique powers. The instrument of human nature was somehow different in His hands. We have all said that—you have said it—I have said it—the only Man who refused to say it and think it was Christ. And sometimes the solemn thought comes to us to torment us that perhaps Christ was right, and all the rest of us have been wrong—that He was not unique, but one of us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. And that if we only had the courage to try—if we only dared to give rein to imagination and think of ourselves in Christ's place for one day, and concentrate our effort on living our life in all details as He lived His—prayerful, trustful, friendly, forgiving, helpful, clean, true to the holiest voice, we should be surprised to find how easy it was, how inevitable, and proper, and natural—like a child loving his mother, and living to please her and win her praise.

REV. RAYMOND CALKINS

Rev. Raymond Calkins is one of the most widely known Ministers of the Congregational denomination. He has been Minister of First Congregational Church of Cambridge since 1912. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., and holds A.B. and A.M. degrees from Harvard University, and the D.D. degree from Bowdoin and Grinnell Colleges. Before ordination he taught in Grinnell College and Harvard University. Since his ordination in 1896, his earlier pastorates were in Pittsfield, Mass., and Portland, Me. He is author of a number of books, co-editor of *Hymns of the Church,* and a frequent College lecturer. His sermon, " The Revealing of the Sons of God," is a stirring challenge to young people especially, to whom it was first given in a baccalaureate sermon at Wellesley College.

XVII

THE REVEALING OF THE SONS OF GOD

Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D.

"The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God."—Romans 8:19.

St. Paul is writing to the Romans. But who are the Romans to whom he is writing? They are a handful of Christians in the midst of the great pagan capital. How they had come to be there no one knows. St. Paul himself had not yet come to Rome. So far as we know none of the apostles had been there. But there was this little Christian community already taking root in the soil of the city of the Cæsars. And St. Paul, thinking about these Christians and writing to them from a distance, is impressed by the contrast presented by this little group of Christians on the one hand, and the heathen civilization on the other hand in the midst of which they live, the great mass of corruption and unbelief by which they are surrounded. What the special problems and difficulties of that little Christian community may be he does not know. But he knows for a fact that one great temptation must beset them: the temptation to moral discouragement and to spiritual despair. The temptation to discount in advance their ability to accomplish anything in the face of such odds, or to make any impression by their personal lives upon that great seething heathen world. He is sure that that little group must be in the danger of being morally engulfed and overwhelmed by the

very mass of the hostile population of which they themselves constituted such an insignificant minority. He feels that they must be in danger of losing confidence in themselves; of losing a saving sense of the power of their own personal lives; of feeling that there was little that they could do; that they were virtually without any moral control. And what St. Paul preaches again and again in this epistle is just the opposite of that. Do not, he says, be discouraged; do not imagine that there is nothing you can do. On the contrary, there is everything for you to do. Verse after verse from this epistle carries this note of moral self-confidence.

" Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Would it not have seemed as if that little group of Christians was destined to be overwhelmed by the mass of the evil which surrounded it? Not at all, says the apostle. That is not what is going to happen. The evil of the vast world is not going to overcome you; you, insignificant as you appear to be, are going to surmount it. Or again, " Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." Does not that seem at first like an impossible injunction? Would it not have seemed that, slowly it might be, but inevitably, the resisting powers of that little company would have been worn away by the gradual attrition of the heathen life which they saw daily amongst them, in forum and in basilica, " in suburra and velabrum, in slave chambers and in the halls of infamy where they had to serve! " What a deadly atmosphere for a regenerate soul! Must it not be just a question of time before the soul would surrender and the life would conform to the world in which it was condemned to live? Just the opposite! The Christian apostle could write to that little regenerate company; could say in the tones of a commander, you are not destined to be con-

formed to this great pagan world; on the contrary, your destiny is to transform it, by the renewing of your mind. And could the note of any trumpet sounding in the ears of troops at bay have brought greater inspiration, or have evoked greater courage and heroism than such a word as that?

But now, of all the passages in the epistle in which the apostle preaches the power of their personal lives to these Roman Christians, none is more remarkable than that which I have taken for the text. In this extraordinary verse the apostle represents the world as waiting for something—as groaning for something. And what is it that the world at last possesses for which it has waited from the very first? Imagine the astonishment of these Roman Christians in reading the apostle's answer! The final product, the climax and consummation for which the world has groaned and been in travail, for which it has waited—it is *you*. It is for the revealing of children of God that the world has waited. And who are the children of God? The children of God are the people who are led by the spirit of God. And for such people the whole creation waits. Nothing will make this world a good world, the world it was meant to be, but the presence in it of people possessed like you with the Spirit of God. What this world needs, and all that it needs, is a child of God. When this world, or any little section of it, comes into possession of a real child of God, of a man or a woman who is being led by the spirit of God—then it has what it has been waiting for, and all that it is waiting for. Because you, you Roman Christians, are sons and daughters of God, therefore you are to order, to control, to transform the world in which you live. You are not only to be conquerors, you are to be gloriously triumphant through Him who loved you and gave Himself for you. With such glowing words the apostle put this little Roman Christian com-

munity upon its moral feet, and caused them to face with confidence and hope their moral destiny.

There never was a time when this message of the apostle needed to be revived and to be preached more than in the day in which we live. The great temptation to moral discouragement, to doubt the possibilities and the power of the personal life, which lay heavily on that little Christian community at Rome, lies heavily on many a life today. The moral and spiritual paralysis with which they were threatened, threatens us. Those Roman Christians did not need more to be delivered from it than you and I need to be delivered from it today. They had no greater need of being put upon their feet than we have need of being put on ours. That handful of Christians in old Rome felt no more helpless than do multitudes of men and women feel today. "What can I do?" is the word on every tongue. The sense of personal impotence hangs like a pall in our moral heavens and works like an insidious disease in our moral lives. We have become convinced that we do not count for much in the vast and intricate structure of the world in which we live. The real moral danger of our time, as I understand it, is that of self-depreciation. For one man who thinks of himself more highly than he ought to think, there are ten who think of themselves more meanly than they ought to think. For one man who exaggerates the possibilities of his influence, there are ten men who undervalue the importance of theirs. We need to revive the apostolic message about the power of the personal life. We need to recover our moral self-respect. We need to have fresh faith in ourselves, our possible influence and control in the world, in our moral position and destiny.

There are various reasons why we may have lost our self-respect. Our self-respect may have suffered an eclipse in the discovery of how vast this universe is in the midst of

which we live. Physical science, astronomy, geology, biology have seemed to wreck self-esteem—to have taken us down from our last pedestal. One does not bulk very large in the midst of the kind of a universe we have been learning about. So long as the universe, to use Mr. Brierley's phrase, was the snug affair it used to be, there was chance of our retaining some sense of our importance. But where are we today? Our earth turns out to be the insignificant satellite of a sun one million times bigger than she; and that sun in its turn, it seems, is but one speck in the surrounding immensity. The astronomer talks of fifty millions of stars as visible through the telescope, each one a mighty sun, the center of planetary systems that confound our imaginations. And where the telescope ends, the camera begins. And what looks like a single star through the one is proved by the other to be a composite of countless stars. The astronomer describes the distances by calmly telling us of the centuries of years which it takes light, flying at its inconceivable speed, to cross the gulf between; or, what is not less bewildering, by stating that a star viewed by us in January, and then again in June, when we are 180,000,000 of miles further away from it, has not altered its apparent position by so much as a hair's breadth. And the mind of a man is appalled and crushed by it. " The intolerable vastness bows him down. The awful homeless spaces scare his soul." And all physical science tends to reduce our faith in ourselves, and to rob us of our sense of personal power and control in so far as it teaches, or seems to teach, that we ourselves are made up of a number of streams or tendencies of consciousness which it is useless for us to resist—and that we are surrounded by a network of infallible or inflexible laws which we are powerless to alter. Thus we come to feel ourselves to be spectators of the great drama of life, but in no sense are we actors. In no real and conceivable sense can

we hope to direct or control the world in which we live. The best that we can hope to do is to understand and to obey it.

If anything else were needed to complete this obscuration of the individual and to bring about the total eclipse of a real thoroughgoing belief in ourselves and our moral powers, the structure of the modern world in its social and industrial and economic relations would seem to have done the business. For our whole modern life is built upon the basis that the individual, the separate man or woman, has no real existence or importance of his own, but derives his importance and significance solely as a member of that larger social group to which he belongs. The group is the main thing, and not the persons who comprise the group. And the unpersonal group takes over to itself the personal intelligence, the personal conscience and the personal initiative of the separate persons who comprise it, who are thus degraded to positions of relatively little influence or control. So long as a person could cast his own vote he could vote as he pleased. But when he became a member of a political group he is reminded that his choice of a candidate is not made by him, but for him. So long as a man worked for himself he could sell his labor to whom he pleased, and for what he pleased. But when he finds himself the member of a union he is told he is no longer at liberty to choose his own employer or to settle his own wage. So long as a man owned his own business he could determine for himself the moral standards to which it seemed to him that he ought to conform—but now that his business is only part of a great corporation these standards are chosen for him. It is just so in social relations. So long as one is left to direct one's own household and order one's own life, one lives comfortably within one's income and is content without many things which one did not dream were indispensable to one's per-

sonal happiness. But one day one is reminded that one belongs to a neighborhood, is the member of a social community that sets its own standards, has its own morals and its own ways of doing things; one is made to feel the hopelessness of trying to maintain one's personal preferences or even personal convictions in the face of the social group to which he belongs which dictates to him what he shall wear, how he shall live, what amusements he shall choose and how much money he shall spend. And he finds himself impotent to decide these customs by himself. Rather he finds that they are already decided for him. And in the midst of modern paganism he finds himself to be as helpless as these Roman Christians doubtless felt themselves to be. " Things have come to such a pass, in a word, as to be a standing menace to the high ideals of men: And these results have been reached not by an appeal to history or to reason, but by the assertion that there are certain irresistible tendencies to which we must of necessity yield, to which we must not only yield, but which we must urge forward and support because they are irresistible." Against this spirit and this tendency the individual feels himself unable to stand and despairs of the possibility of private judgment, private action and of individual moral control of the situation in which he finds himself.

The times are ripe for reviving the message of the apostle to the Romans: for preaching the doctrine of moral self-confidence and self-respect; for recovering a fresh faith in ourselves, our powers of initiative and control and influence. And this recovery of our faith in our moral dignity and destiny must come to us just as it came to those Roman Christians, by the rediscovery of our birthright. It is because and only because we are the children of God that we belong at the apex of this universe and not at its base; it is because we are children of God that we are to order and to

control the world, to guide its destinies, to dominate its affairs. It is because God rules the world that we as His children are destined to be its rulers and not to be ruled by it. The recognition of our divine sonship tells us where we belong in this great universe, and it tells us what we are here to do. It tells us where we belong. The way, and the only way, to escape being overwhelmed and crushed by the immensities of the universe in which we find ourselves, by the overwhelming mysteries of time and of space is to remember that we are the children of God, whereas the sun, the moon and the stars with all their vastness are only the works of God.

There is a sublime text in the Psalms rarely understood. The Psalmist is apparently lost in the contemplation of the skies—and is subdued by the splendors of the stars and the vast beauties of God's firmament. And he begins his hymn of adoration, " O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth; who hast set thy glory above the heavens." And then his thoughts turn earthward and he considers himself standing alone in the midst of this great universe and we feel that he is about to sing the usual dirge upon the feebleness and helplessness of man, when suddenly the opposite truth breaks upon him. For he suddenly remembers what his place is in the world which God has made. He exclaims, " When I consider the heavens, the *work* of thy hands, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what must man be of whom thou art mindful, and the son of man whom thou visitest, for thou hast made him but little lower than the angels. Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." Thus the greatness of the universe does not bow us down—it lifts us up. Because we are the children of God, of whom He is mindful, His offspring, whom He visiteth, the greater the world becomes, the greater we become. The knowledge of the vastness of the universe will not cause

us to despair. It will put a new song in our mouths. It will not rob us of our courage; it will quicken us with hope. It will not make us feel how little we are; rather it will give us the sense indeed of our real dignity. What would it not mean for us all, in our moments of discouragement and bewilderment, in hours of our mortal fear and self-distrust, in days of loneliness or in moments of spiritual vertigo, when the sense of the brevity and the vanity of life, and the impotence of our little solitary lives in the midst of this great, indifferent impersonal universe breaks over us in a wave of desolation and moral despair—what would it not mean to us, if you and I could look up into the great skies above us, remembering we are not only the works of His hands, but the sharers of His life, and the object of His love, breathe this hope, utter this faith and say,

> *"I feel among these mighty things, that as I am,*
> *I am akin to God; that I have*
> *A spirit nobler in its cause and end,*
> *More wonderful in plan, far greater in its powers*
> *Than all these swift and bright immensities."*

And if that is where we belong in this universe as a whole, that is where we belong if we are true children of God in that little portion of the universe which we are to occupy. Doubtless when we get there we may seem to be very much alone. Doubtless it may look as if we must surely be overwhelmed and overborne by that great mass of sentiment indifferent to our ideals, hostile to our ambitions, irresponsive to our message. Yet if we are children of God the world into which we go can never overwhelm us. We are surely to overcome it. Instead of the world controlling us, we in a real sense are destined to control it. Instead of its telling us what to do, we are to tell it what it is to do. Instead of the ethics of our trade, our business, our profession, our social world setting our standards, we are destined to revise

and to uplift *its* standards. Instead of our being helpless to reform or to re-order the world in which we find ourselves, on the contrary we are destined to do just that to it. Instead of being conformed to the world, our world will become transformed by the renewing of our mind.

Can you think of any moral future or any moral destiny that is grander than that? Can you think of any truth which, as you look forward into your life and peer down the coming years, which bear you you know not whither, can fill or ought to fill your heart with greater joy than to know wherever you go, whatever you do, if you are a child of God, you will not be controlled or dominated by the world that lies outside you; rather you will control and dominate that world by the life that is within you? Can you think of anything that ought to make one draw one's self up to his full moral stature, and to ride above every depressing circumstance of life and to live it out with joy and power and confidence?

And still it is true! Incredible as it may seem to you, still it is true! If you are a real child of God, then it is true that the little world that you are to occupy is just waiting for you. You are what it wants. When my class entered college that college celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. And in that great academic procession our class bore a banner on which was inscribed the words: "The universe has been waiting 250 years just for us." It may have seemed egotistical and it doubtless was intended to be amusing, but there was profound truth in it. And what has your community been waiting for? Well, if you are a child of God, it is waiting just for you. It has plenty of people who follow. It is waiting for someone to lead. It has plenty of people who conform to existing standards, but it is perishing for someone to set these standards. It has multitudes who do what "everybody does," but it waits for

someone who shall tell everybody what to do; it has throngs who go with the crowd; it has enough of those who go with the current, but it waits and groans for someone who shall tell the crowd how it shall go. Of imitators of existing fashions it has an abundance, but for fashioners it looks in vain. Your little world to which you look forward is just looking, waiting for the moral control, moral leadership that can be found, and can be found only in the children of God. These can do anything. It is the promise of Christ. Like leaven, they may be hid in the lump—but, like leaven, they quicken every other separate particle in the lump. Like salt, they may be invisible, but, like salt, they save the whole measure in which they are placed. The lump cannot smother the leaven, and the meal cannot destroy the salt. It is just the other way, and it is bound to be just the other way with you if you are true children of God. You may not seem to count for much. Your life may not seem to amount to much. Leadership and control may seem to be the last thing that belongs to you: but be a child of God and you cannot escape your high destiny. The world has never known, or has long ago forgotten, the names of that little group of saints in Rome. But none the less it was they who were God's children, who ordered, controlled and saved the world in which they lived.

I do not know, and in a sense I do not care, where you will go, or what you will do, so long as this truth goes with you. For then, wherever you are and whatever you do, you will be fulfilling your high destiny, your high calling in Christ Jesus. Only this I may say: I think it is easier to apprehend and to trust this truth in the world into which we go if the life which we expect to undertake has in it a certain romantic appeal, a certain heroic aspect. If we are literally set down in the midst of paganism; if, as Christians, we put our lives down in the center of the non-Christian world,

it is easy to see how that world is waiting for us; how we can exercise a control and a certain influence that is reserved for us alone. But it is not quite so easy if the world into which we enter is very unromantic; if the lives to which we look forward seem to have very little of the heroic about them; if it is all very mediocre, very usual, very conventional. Yet the truth remains unchanged. And perhaps there is no place where a real child of God is more needed than just there; no place that makes a greater appeal to our faith and fortitude. In the autobiography of Mark Rutherford he describes how a woman in the meanest conditions thus ennobled her life: "She understood what St. Paul meant when he said that because they were called therefore they were to stand fast. She thought with Paul that being called, having a plain duty laid upon her, being bidden by a general to do something, she ought to stand fast. And she stood fast; supported against all pressure by the consciousness of fulfilling the special orders of one who was her superior. There is no doubt that the dogma of a personal calling is a great consolation and a great truth. The Christian truth is apt to be forgotten that for each individual soul there is a vocation as real as if that soul alone were on the planet." Let that consolation be yours as a child of God. Stand in your own place and redeem it. And the gates of hell shall not prevail against you.

If we are the children of God! These words, like a refrain, have run through all that has been said. If you are not a child of God; if you have not, as those Roman Christians had, presented your bodies to be a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, this promise, this hope, this destiny is not for you. There is a victory that overcomes the world, and that is our faith. Other victories you may win; to other successes you may aspire. But if you cherish the holy ambition not to be over-

come by the world, but rather to overcome it, there is only one way: and that is to become a simple, consecrated child of God. If you are that, then there is literally no limit to what you may be, or what you may do. God has yet to show what He can do with anyone who truly surrenders his life to Him. Your eye has not yet seen; your ear has not yet heard, nor has it entered into your heart to conceive of the things God hath prepared for you to do, for you to be, for you who truly love Him and wait for His appearing.

It is when we reach this point that we are suddenly made aware of our great need. " Ah! " I seem to hear some one say, " I know I ought to be a child of God, but who or what shall make me, keep me that, a true, devoted, faithful child of God? It is not hard for me to understand what life I ought to lead. My difficulty begins when I imagine myself living it. My need is not for better moral eyesight. My need is for everlasting strength of heart. I do not need to have some one come here and tell me how to live. I need some one who will help me to live it." What we need, we have. To know Christ is something deeper, better than to know the life we ought to live—it is to know One who will daily help us to live it. That is what St. Paul meant when he said: " For me to live is Christ." He alone sets before us the life which should be ours, and supplies us each day and hour with the moral passion and power to enable us to beat down Satan under our feet, and live our lives out joyfully as God's own children. Therefore, may we know Christ, that we may know the power of an endless life and find in His service our perfect freedom.

REV. EDWARD TAYLOR SULLIVAN

Rev. Edward Taylor Sullivan was born in Ireland, and came to this Country when a boy—to Detroit, Mich., where he attended the public schools. He was in mercantile business there for seven years; was Master in a private school for two years. Graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut, in 1889, doing journalistic work on Detroit newspapers during college vacations. He graduated from the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass., 1892. He ministered to a small group of people worshipping in a hall in Newton Centre, Mass., during his senior year in the Theological School, and took charge of that congregation after his graduation; he has continued there ever since, for thirty-six years. Trinity Church, Newton Centre, is the only Parish he ever had, and he is the only resident Minister the Parish ever had. His college and Theological School have both conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This sermon, " The Woman Behind the Man," is a forceful message from a genial Christian gentleman, at a time when the very foundations of the home are threatened.

XVIII

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE MAN

Rev. Edward T. Sullivan, D.D.

I am taking a text this morning from President Coolidge. I am choosing the words that he emblazoned on the banner he flung to the breeze at Northampton, in his speech of acceptance of his nomination. These were his ringing words: "The destiny of America lies around the hearthstone."

"The Hearthstone—the Hope of America!" That was the principle that he nailed to the masthead as he accepted the responsibility of becoming a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The hearthstone—the home—the family—that was his deep concern in that solemn hour. To exalt and safeguard all that centers there he pledged himself; and for its welfare he would appeal.

In these sound and splendid words he sets forth its function and ideal: "If thrift and industry are taught there," he said; "if the example of self-sacrifice oft appears; if honor abide there, and high ideals; if there the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character—America will live in security, rejoicing in an abundant prosperity and good government at home, and in peace, respect and confidence abroad.

"If these virtues be absent," he warns us, "there is no power that can supply these blessings." "Look well, then," he says, "to the hearthstone; therein all hope for America lies."

But the hearthstone is an emblem. Beside it is enthroned

the mother. It is the symbol of the Empire of Motherhood. The Creator lays the next generation in the lap of the mother; and we have high warrant for the belief that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." The inscription, therefore, that President Coolidge would write above the hearthstone of America is: "The Woman Behind the Man."

That has been the theme of many of his noblest utterances. This thought was expressed with great force and tenderness in his Lincoln Day Proclamation for 1919, when he was Governor of Massachusetts.

"About Lincoln's cradle," he said, "all was poor and mean save only the source of all great men, the love of a wonderful woman. When she faded away in his tender years, from her deathbed in humble poverty she dowered her son with greatness. There can be no proper observance of a birthday which forgets the mother."

When God wants an important thing done in this world, or a wrong righted, He goes about it in a very singular way. He doesn't release His thunderbolts nor stir up His earthquakes. He simply has a tiny, helpless baby born, perhaps in a very obscure home, perhaps of a very humble mother. And He puts the idea or purpose into a mother's heart. And she puts it in the baby's mind, and then—God waits!

"The great events of this world," says some one, "are not battles and earthquakes and hurricanes. The great events of this world are babies. They are earthquakes and hurricanes."

"The mother's hair was a glory,
Tho' loosened it was and torn;
For under the eaves in the gloaming
A child was born."

Oh, the secrets that lie all about us hidden from our eyes!

We glance at a tiny child, and we do not see, we do not know, what a thunderbolt of the Almighty is wrapped up in that little child.

" I walked down the furrow in the field," said a humble mother who lived on a New Hampshire farm; " I walked down the furrow with the Governor of New Hampshire in my arms, and the Governor of Massachusetts clinging to my skirts." She said that afterwards, long afterwards, in her old age. For she knew not then, and no one knew, that her two baby boys would be governors of two New England states.

The great events are babies. The great facts of life are a mother and child. God, the Almighty Creator, lays the next generation in the laps of the mothers. " For a mother," says Coleridge, " a mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

Blessed are they who were bathed in the tender solicitude of a mother's love all the days of her unselfish life. When every other influence for good has faded out of a man's life, even the most depraved will never forget the mother who loved him in his boyhood days; who was patient with him when no one else was; and was gentle when all the world was against him.

Mary of Nazareth exclaimed, " My soul doth magnify the Lord, and all generations shall call me blessed." All generations have called her blessed not because she was a woman, but because she was a mother! The hearthstone is the hope of the world because it is the throne of the empire of motherhood.

It has been said that men make the world. It is even more true that women make the men.

Every man is the product of what some one, two or three women, have made him—mother, wife, sister, daughter. Again is the theme suggested by this text from President Coolidge, namely, " The Woman Behind the Man."

There is a well-known picture called " The Return of the Mayflower." It is a group of women gazing out to sea, waving farewell to a ship sailing away and disappearing from view. There is a melancholy gladness in those faces, a solemn satisfaction, a tearful joy, because, in spite of that terrible first winter in Plymouth, not a woman gave up the fight. Not one woman returned on that ship.

Much has been written of that first winter, its privation, sufferings, deaths. Not much has been said—it wasn't their way to say it—of those upon whom the care of the sick chiefly fell. Did they share the adventurous spirit of the men? Did they cross the stormy ocean in high emprise to found a commonwealth on these bleak shores? Or were they here because their men would come! And yet to them fell the ministry of sustaining the spirits of the men, when their own souls were drooping within them.

Did frail Dorothy Bradford feel the lure of the new commonwealth to be planted on the fringe of this continent, or was she here because her husband had the heart of flame which, like the bush in the ancient story, " burned but was not consumed "?

How strange it was that in some cases the men who initiated the adventure were the ones who fell; and that the women who in many instances came because the men were determined to come, were the ones who survived! And yet not one of those women returned on the Mayflower in the spring, after that terrible winter, so nobly did they dedicate themselves to the work their men came to do. Theirs is the glory that crowns the hidden heroisms of the obscure.

Not alone upon the sweat and brawn that felled the trees is our great nation built, but on the hearts that broke and gave no sign; that consumed their own smoke, and even converted it into flame, and kept their sorrow so that it did not spread; that lived the pioneer's life, though often without

the pioneer's tastes or call, but for their loyalty and love bravely carried on until God closed their wistful and longing eyes with the merciful curtain of death.

History records the great deeds of the dauntless pioneers. Only between the lines of the story does the imagination read the hidden heroisms of the silent and the obscure. They are the anonymous benefactors of the world—these women behind the men!

When Grover Cleveland was inaugurated President of the United States he took the oath of office on the little pocket Bible, with his mother's name in it, which she gave him years before, when he started out from home to make his way in the world.

That was the third time in our history that a President—or President-elect—linked his inauguration with a devoted mother. When Washington was on his way to New York to be inaugurated he turned aside in his journey to bid a last farewell to his aged mother.

When Garfield was inaugurated, his first act after taking the oath, was to turn and kiss his mother who was seated beside him on the platform. And Cleveland took the oath on his mother's Bible.

And President Coolidge—all unconsciously—added a fourth. Moved by a similar feeling, after taking the oath of office in his father's parlor, the President went to the little cemetery, and stood reverently at the grave of his mother, before taking up his journey to Washington, and entering upon the duties of his great office.

A frail little woman, who had worked hard all her life to support by her own toil a family of children, fell sick, worn out and exhausted with a life of hard labor. In her sickness, which she knew would be fatal, she was troubled by the fact that she had never done anything for anybody in the world. Her life had been a ceaseless round of common homely du-

ties. The parish visitor called and found her in tears. When asked what troubled her, she said, "When God asks me what I ever did for anybody, I shall have to say, 'Nothing at all.'" Then, with a flash of inspiration, the parish visitor said: "Just show Him your hands!"

"The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not:
It was fought by the mothers of men.

"Deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of a woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part,
Lo, there is that battlefield."

A story comes down to us that an Indian brave was shot in the arm by an arrow barbed with deadly poison. A few seconds' delay and human help would be in vain. Quick as thought, the maiden he was to marry rushed upon him, put her lips to the wound, sucked the poison out, washed the wound clean, closed it up—and saved his life!

It is a parable of the function of womanhood—which is to extract the poison from human life, to draw the sting of the day's doings, and to cleanse and refresh our spirits when we are weary.

It is common knowledge, but it is one of the unremembered facts of human life, that our humanity is more in need of those special ministries called mothering than of any other, and we need them longer. Indeed, we never outgrow that need. And the recognition of that fact is indicated in those ancient words which represent God as saying: "As one whom his mother comforteth so will I comfort you."

When the unworthy son returns it is mother who lets him in at the back door. When her son dies at an army camp, and the bulletins say "suicide," it is the mother of that boy who toils for three years to clear his memory—and succeeds

—and then sends the evidence she collected to the Department of Justice, without making any accusations! This is an actual fact.

When disgrace bows our head in shame, it is the mother who stands gallantly at our side. Kipling expresses this when he says:

"Were I hanged on the highest hill,
Mother of mine, mother of mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother of mine, mother of mine,
Were I condemned in body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother of mine!"

Women are the soul of the nation. If the soul falters the nation falls. Women are the soul of the fighting for a foothold on the bleak shores of a continent, or fighting to keep our social and political life free from the forces of evil.

Columbia is a woman. She visualizes for every man the woman he loves who is the soul of his soul, and the source of his inspiration. It is a woman who easily turns a man's thoughts to God, for God and womanhood, chivalry and religion, have ever been the Pierian Springs from which men have drawn their highest motives and their winning spirit. And to make the world safe for women is the secret thought of every man—be she mother, sweetheart, or wife.

How deeply conscious President Coolidge is of all this is indicated by the following earnest tribute to American women: "For two thousand years or more," says the President, "the lovers of liberty everywhere have done honor to that Roman matron who was the mother of the Gracchi, because she put motherhood above the richest jewels; doing honor to the generations of American women, the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of those American men who in every hour of supreme peril have stood together, ready to

make the necessary sacrifice to save civilization from overwhelming catastrophe."

A mother is a mother anywhere, any time. Not long ago the newspapers told of a mother in New York State whose friends recommended her for a Carnegie Medal for heroism.

This mother climbed down the slippery walls of a well fifty feet deep—not knowing how deep the water was in the bottom—and rescued her small son who had fallen into the well. She pressed the water out of his lungs, threw him over her shoulder, struggled her way up from ledge to ledge on the protruding, treacherous and slippery stones, holding the heavy and half-conscious child on her back, and carried him to safety!

And two days later a baby sister was born to that rescued little boy! The day before nobody but a few neighbors knew that there was such a person.

The day after, that mother "broke into news," as the newspapers say—"one of the bravest women in America," they called her. That would have been a remarkable feat at any time, but an extraordinary one then!

You can always have confidence in a man who willingly entrusts his case to the judgment of a good woman.

And you can safely trust a statesman who puts his own trust in the women of the land. With what fine confidence does President Coolidge appeal to the responsiveness and intelligence—to their intuitions and patriotic devotion—in that superb message to the women of America, delivered at a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution:

"It is my privilege," he said, "to make an appeal to the womanhood of America which no former President could have made in similar circumstances. The determination of national policy that will be made in next November will turn quite as much upon the attitude of the women as upon the judgments of the men. So I come to you women to say

that your country wants not only your votes, but your influence in all coming elections. By this I do not mean to appeal in behalf of any party. I appeal in behalf of our common country. It is not enough to say that you did not seek the ballot. Your heroic sires did not seek the Revolution. But it came, and they met it by heroic action.

" Surely the womanhood of the nation who go down into the valley of the shadow of death for their sons and daughters, cannot long neglect to participate in elections, that they and their children may continue to have the advantages of a government that is clean and wise and sound."

And how splendid and stirring these words are—and how they must have moved the women who heard them:

" I have absolute confidence that if American womanhood will exercise the right of franchise, after fair, considerate, and mature deliberation, voting for what is right as their best judgment shows them the right, that the right will mightily prevail. Surely the womanhood of our country, who have lavished upon the sons and daughters of the land such a wealth of affection, who watch over them in every crisis, from the cradle to the grave, with immeasurable devotion, will not hesitate to make sufficient sacrifice to preserve for themselves and those they love ' the last best hope of the world '—American institution."

In the vision in the Book of Revelation it is a woman clothed with the sun who opposes the dragon. And the dragon was wroth with the woman. Her seed he fears—he dreads the offspring she will train.

And so it is the woman—in the last analysis—who must and will cast out the dragon, by inspiring men to do it!

And when he was cast out, then was heard a voice in heaven: " Now is come salvation and strength and the kingdom of God, and the power of Christ, for the accuser of our brethren is cast out. And the sons of the woman

who cast him out did it because they loved not their lives unto death."

In the day of the great unveiling it will be asked not only "Was this man good and great?" but also, "Who made this man good and great?"

Then will be revealed the hidden goodness of the obscure; the blessing they bestowed for which others received the praise; the burdens they bore and never gave a sign; the influence of their lives of which they were unaware; the good deeds of which they never kept a record.

Then will be disclosed the ministries of the women behind the men, how they replenished men's souls with things that are inspirational and eternal; and how they stirred the hearts of men to defend, uphold, and hand down unimpaired, that which in sacrifice and in suffering had been brought forth on this continent.

Look, she has squared her shoulders;
"It has come," she said, "I must do what I can."
And she faces her work—did she ever shirk?
The woman behind the man.

The pioneer, how we praise him!
The soldier, and sailor-man,
I joyously praise their service—
And their spirit that cried, "I can."
But there must be space,
And a glorious place,
For the woman behind the man!

REV. ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT

Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt, Minister of Harvard Congregational Church, Brookline, Mass., was born in Chicago, Ill., the son of a Congregational Minister who for fifty years ministered in the Middle West and in New England. Dr. Leavitt is a graduate of Yale and of Hartford Theological Seminary, and has held pastorates in Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. Since 1919 he has been Minister of the Harvard Church. He preaches yearly at a number of New England schools and colleges and is President of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches. He is the author of *Jesus and the Jury,* published in 1925. His sermon, " The Reward of Virtue," is on a timely subject, for many are questioning if moral and religious attainments can be compared with the material rewards of life.

XIX

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

Rev. Ashley Day Leavitt, D.D.

Jesus: *"I do always the things that please him."*—John 8:29.
Voice: *"This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."*
—Matthew 17:5.

The topic brings up the question of the motives for right living. Why do the right? Why deal justly with one's fellow-men? Why strive to live nobly, cherishing the ideals of Christian service?

The first effect of raising these questions may be to send our thoughts out into fields of general observation. We may think of special individuals who live selfishly and have no part in any Christian program. We may even find ourselves thinking of our young people and their alleged indifference to the principles of conduct presented them by tradition. It is easy to begin a discussion like this away from home and never bring it home.

It should begin at home, and there is warrant enough right there in every life for very searching inquiry.

The life of every one of us is constantly calling for decisions in the making of which we feel the tugs of lower and higher motives. Every day finds us challenged by many situations where the higher ideals of life make their appeal to us and have to do battle with the less worthy motives which still have considerable hold on the best of men.

The good we would do we do not, and the evil we would not do, that we do.

It may be a problem of dealing fairly or generously with another person. It may be a common case of industry in our work, loyalty to our calling. There are the duties others neglect. Shall we do them? It may be a matter of rectifying a fault, atoning for a mistake, or of forgiving some one else who has hurt us. Then there are always the appeals for our service and our gifts in behalf of great causes.

Here, then, is a royal battleground where our better natures wrestle not only against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers; against the ruling spirit of this world and the prince of the powers of darkness.

In these homely and everyday situations a course of action appeals to us that is rather fine and generous. We know it to be good. We feel like rising to the appeal. It would be rising to a high level of conduct should we act as conscience or love suggests. We are drawn to do it. Then something in us cries out that it will be hard, it will take time that might be spent in personal pleasure, it will cost what might be devoted to comfort or display. It may diminish popularity, for there are times when we still love the praise of men rather than the praise of God.

Why, then, do the things that are fine, noble, generous, especially if such conduct is costly in creature comforts, satisfactions and pride?

Just so that we may get this picture of a truly fine attitude and action, feel the appeal that it makes to us and also realize how it cuts across some of the currents of self-interest, let us recall some of the phrases in Wordsworth's poem, "The Happy Warrior." It is said of many a distinguished man that he has liked to think of himself as such a character as Wordsworth has described:

> *"Who is the happy warrior? Who is he*
> *That every man in arms should wish to be?*
> *It is the generous spirit . . .*

Whose high endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright.
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform is diligent to learn;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care;
Who, doomed to go in company with pain
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower,
Controls them, subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence and their good relieves
By objects which might force the soul to abate
Her feelings, rendered more compassionate
Is placable, because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure
As tempted more, more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress,
Thence also more alive to tenderness."

What is the argument for such a life, for such high endeavors, for such lofty achievement?

Once it was enough, perhaps to some it still is enough, to say that some things are right and others wrong. There are many precepts of right conduct set down in the teachings of religion. This is a way of life enjoined on us by the Almighty. It is our duty to do these things. To do contrary to His will is to break our solemn obligation and will incur His displeasure.

Whether or not such an appeal ought to be potent, all will agree that it has no great power. Much of the force of the appeal does remain as the very foundation of moral principles. Unfortunate is the man who does not feel it beneath his spiritual life, like a rock.

Abraham Lincoln used to quote from the Nineteenth Psalm and fortified his own spirit by so doing.

" The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul. The

testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." Those are the words Lincoln quoted in his Second Inaugural Address.

A belief like that will make character. But the appeal to the law of God as determining conduct has been overdone. Too many specific applications of the divine will to conduct have been made, which seem not to be warranted by any book of rules we have. Many of the sins against which the Church thundered in other days are deemed now as inconsequential matters. We are trying to make the individual and the public conscience sensitive to a lot of things in which our ancestors scarcely thought God was seriously concerned.

This appeal was not only overdone, but it was often cast in a form that certainly will no longer offer a strong inspiration for right living. Righteousness was presented as the way of safety. Wrongdoing was the way of peril and destruction in this world and the next. It is altogether to the credit of the human spirit that mere prudence and concern for one's own security no longer stand out as compelling motives in questions of conduct. We certainly shall not get very far in urging such considerations in days like the present.

The spirit of adventure is one of the glories of human life. Had the instinct to play safe in this matter of life and destiny really been a controlling motive with men, the race would have stagnated before ever it started in what has been the marvelous march of progress. The taking of risks has been the very breath of life to the more courageous souls. Had it not been so, no frontiers would ever have been reached, no seas would ever have been crossed, or ships built in which to cross them, no searching out of iron, of

brass, or of coal in the deep mines, no conquest of distance or air, no heroic battles against disease to win new and wonderful immunities for men that they might live a more abundant life.

One of the proverbs puts it: "The slothful man saith: There is a lion without. I shall be slain in the streets." The slothful man invented the slogans of safety and all of his precious securities have been secured for him by his more courageous brothers who have risked an encounter and driven the lions from the street.

We have long felt that this very spirit of daring and adventure must be appealed to in connection with the higher forms of spiritual endeavor. Goodness has too often been presented so as to seem dull, uninteresting, negative, the complete denial of all romance and vital experience.

Nor do I think we get much farther when we try to show the reasonableness of doing right. That, too, fails to sound the highest note. Here is a sentence from Durant's discussion of the philosophy of Socrates:

"If men could be taught to see clearly their real interests, to see afar the distant results of their deeds, this perhaps would provide for the educated man the morality which in the unlettered relies on reiterated precepts and external control. . . . The intelligent man may have the same violent and unsocial impulses as the ignorant man, but surely he will control them better and slip less often into imitation of the beast. And in an intelligently administered society—one that returned to the individual in widened powers more than it took from him in restricted liberty, the advantage of every man would lie in social and loyal conduct and only clear sight would be needed to ensure peace and order and good will."

All this is true, and very sanely and soundly put. It will always be part of the philosophy of right living. But

somehow it does not stir one's blood. It does not start the heroic impulses toward some new adventure in love or loyalty.

And it does scant justice to the sort of appeal that Jesus made. We do not find Him talking of the farsightedness by which men may see where their true advantage lies. Even when Jesus says " he that loseth his life shall find it," He strikes a higher note.

No, Jesus' appeals to men to live on the high plane of divine endeavor were of a different order. The Pharisees of Jesus' time were righteous men on the basis of prudential reasons and personal advantage. They went as far as such motives could carry them, but Jesus said to those whom He called, " Except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus' conception of life lived at its best is summed up in His teachings about the kingdom of heaven. It was to that as a goal that He called men. He made it a very high ideal demanding heroic devotion. Always He appeals to the heroic in men, the spirit that has always figured in high adventure. " No man putting his hand to the plough and turning back is fit for the kingdom of heaven."

Jesus' characteristic appeal went farther than this. He accepted a standard of life, and then challenged men to enter the company of those who so lived. He lived that life. To men He cried, " Follow me," take up your cross, deny yourselves, do as I do. Then " I call you friends."

Here it is that we come upon the real motive for right living. We may be perplexed by specific problems of conduct. A question of principle may not be clear. But we know the sort of persons in whose company we want to be counted. Goodness in the abstract may neither convince nor inspire us. But the great and good life embodied vitally

before us in a noble personality reveals to us our innermost self and deepest aspiration.

Is it not the heaviest penalty that we pay for any meanness, littleness or selfishness of life that we feel by just so much cut off from full fellowship with those to whose company we would like to belong? Again, how are we sustained, strengthened, exalted when in some arduous endeavor, some unreserved and unquestioning service we can feel ranged alongside of all of those who have kept the faith.

It may be that in the company of the living whom we keep we have not sufficient perspective to know where our choice does lie. But when we cross the line, and our horizon is the whole race of mankind we do know with whose names we would wish ours inscribed, even though it be at the foot of the list.

"A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain,
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

One step more will carry us to the heart of the whole matter. It came first with Jesus. We mention it last. Rather let us say it came first and best with Jesus. Jesus aspired to the companionship of God. God was no vague source of law and power to Jesus, but a radiantly living personal Father whose mind and heart He knew. This God of His faith was the supreme goodness, nobility, truth and love.

And I think Jesus voiced the supreme motive of His life when He said, "I do always the things that please him." Could anything more be said, or could it be more finely said?

In those relationships of life, where in solicitous love we seek and strive to train the noblest life in those who are more to us than life itself, can we imagine a finer motive ever more graciously expressed for a deed well done than that it was done to please us?

Jesus had His answer. In times of great stress, in the supreme crises of His life, to Him, completely consecrated to do the will of God, there came to His needy soul, heard unmistakably there as of a voice from above, " My beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

The reward of virtue! So it comes to men and women, doing their ardent best, again and again, the consciousness of divine approval. The conscience may often be troubled, details of conduct may not clearly stand out in true value, but to those who with their whole hearts aspire to the fellowship of God, there does come even with the clearness of a voice, the message, " My child beloved, in whom I am well pleased."

REV. WILLIAM BENJAMIN WEST

Rev. William Benjamin West, since April, 1926, Minister of The Church Invisible, Boston, was born at Clinton, Canada, but at age of three years was brought with his parents to Niles, Ohio. He received the A.B. degree from Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, in 1900, and in this year was also ordained a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He also holds the B.D. degree from Drew Theological Seminary, and the A.M. degree from Columbia University, and in 1919 Mount Union College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, largely in recognition of his book, *The Fight for The Argonne.* Previous pastorates have been held in the New York East Conference of the Methodist Church, and the Ocean Parkway Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1926 he withdrew from the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bristol, Conn., and from the Ministry of the Methodist Church, to accept his present pastorate. His Church believes in All of God, that there is one Mind, Only One, and One All. Healing is an important work of the Church, and during the last nine years the Boston Church has had 3,000 testify to marvellous results in health, happiness, and prosperity. Dr. West's sermon, " The Immanent Kingdom," is an earnest plea for all to know Him.

XX

THE IMMANENT KINGDOM

Rev. William Benjamin West, D.D.

"*The kingdom of God is at hand.*"—Mark 1:15.

Is your god dead? Then bury him, for he is not the true God. Is your god impotent? Then dethrone him, for he is not the God of power. Is your god deaf? Then abandon him, for he is not the God of love. But be very certain that you are not attributing to the true God the failures characteristic of your man-made god. This is not the age for an easy religion or for a weak and vascillating faith. People no longer take their religion ready-made.

"The kingdom of God is within you," is not true simply because Jesus Christ said it. He said it *because it is true.* That is the immanent kingdom of which Aristotle tried to tell the people of his day. And because there was no word in the thirteenth century to clearly distinguish between the power "to act within one's self" and the power to "produce an external effect" this word "immanent" was introduced from the Latin "*immanens,*" meaning "to remain near."

During the last few centuries, in which man has come to more clearly recognize the divine image within himself, the outer kingdom of God as recognized by the world, has also come into its own with startling rapidity.

THE CONTRIBUTION OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

The scientific world, with all of its dogmatism and skepti-

cism, as evidenced in its cruel treatment of the discoverers of each new scientific truth, has brought to the knowledge of this generation the crowning illustration of the immanent kingdom of God, in its discovery of radio activity. This and other discoveries of the past fifty years have caused the crumbling of many of the idols of our civilization, which are only of different form from the idols of the past.

PRESENT-DAY IDOLS

The god of war has from the earliest times been devoutly worshiped by the kings of earth who have claimed their thrones by divine right. The old kings have gone, but in their place the money lords are sitting insecure and restless.

The social god has still his votaries in every city and hamlet. But it is significant that the masses of the people no longer hold the socially élite in awesome deference. The god of society has lost his power.

The god of commerce and trade once claimed the right to illegal plunder. He divorced religion from business, and by commending shrewdness in the business world on the ground of necessity, has given power to dishonest practices. The modern god of trade has dared to apply the Golden Rule and the principles of " service " rather than of " selfishness," and thus the old idol has been shorn of his power.

Of all idols, the one who holds most subtle sway is the god of limitations. He has entrenched himself in the very strongholds of religion by confusing the minds of sincere believers. Two questions will indicate this confusion, " Is God the author of evil? "—" Are all men divine in the same sense that Jesus was divine? " The various opposing camps in dogmatic religion have by their bitter controversy caused people to pause and consider and have thus contributed much to the overthrow of the god of limitations. We are beginning to more fully understand that belief in the power

of evil raises its power to a place of equality with the power of God.

On the Boston Common, any Sunday afternoon during the summer, one may hear, unmolested, impassioned orators voicing their adherence to every shade of belief from the rankest atheism to the most conservative orthodoxy. While this is disturbing to the narrow-minded religionist it is perfectly challenging to the great-minded Pauls of this generation, who detect in the midst of all the idolatry, also " an inscription to the unknown god " whom, even in our ignorance, we are endeavoring to find.

FROM IGNORANCE TO KNOWLEDGE

It is ignorant superstition to bow before a figure of wood. It is through ignorance that people accept an infallible Church or an infallible Book. Ignorance of God as Father causes people to fear poverty and disease, and to reverence the human sources through which riches and health seem to flow. But knowledge is revealed in the recognition of God back of every material from, and working through every manifestation of life. The highest knowledge sees God perfectly revealed in the Jesus of history, and reaching out from every man toward his ideal as found in the Man of Galilee.

SIGNS OF THE IMMANENT KINGDOM

When several hundred people, representing twenty-two nationalities and thirty-four varieties of religious belief, can assemble in love and fellowship in a Jewish synagogue in a practically Catholic city of a great Christian nation, it would almost seem that the " time of man's ignorance " with which God has had to be so patient, was almost past.

There are signs of repentance for the ignorance which has kept the race in poverty and disease. There are signs of

an awakened understanding of the love and power of God which casts out fear. There are signs of growth in altruistic service which is to overthrow the giant sin of selfishness.

These signs are the harbingers of a new day when no one will need to ask his neighbor, "Know ye the Lord, for *all shall know him* (who is Spirit, Power, Truth, Love), from the least even to the greatest."

"*One is your Father—and all ye are brethren.*"

REV. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, Minister of Arlington Street Church (Unitarian), from 1900 to the end of 1926, was born in Jamaica Plain, Mass., and obtained all his academic training from Harvard University, receiving from there the following degrees: A.B., A.M., S.T.B., and D.D. His one previous pastorate was in New Bedford, Mass., for eleven years. He had preached in Harvard University irregularly since 1899, and was overseer of Harvard 1904-10, and 1918-24. He was the author of *William Ellery Channing, The Temple of Virtue, A Confusion of Tongues,* and *We Believe.* His sermon, " Pilate Washing His Hands," was sent to the Editor, with written permission to use it, a few weeks before his death, in December, 1926. It is a striking sermon of responsibility, and the fact that the tongue is forever stilled will make the sermon a greater treasure.

XXI

PILATE WASHING HIS HANDS

Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, D.D.

"He took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this righteous man; see ye to it."—Matthew 27:24.

Pontius Pilate has had a great multitude of descendants. They have been recognized in all generations; they have proclaimed themselves in all parts of the world. Like the descendants of the mythical Abraham, they have resembled the sands of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude. And also, like that sand, they have been remarkable for their shifting qualities.

It is needless to add, perhaps, that the line of descent, although direct, had not been physical; but moral. They have inherited the eagerness of their far-off progenitor to "wash their hands" of things that come to be unpleasant. None of these descendants, however—it is needless also, perhaps, to add—have suffered the tragic fate that fell upon the ancient Roman governor.

Have we ever stopped to consider what an extraordinary and unexpected fate that was? Pilate was no worse, and perhaps a good deal better, than many other governors or procurators who were sent out by the Roman Emperor to administer justice in the outlying provinces of that far-flung empire. There were hundreds and thousands of these officials, if we extend our count over the many years through which the empire endured. Practically all of them, how-

ever, have been forgotten. It would be impossible, probably, to discover the names of more than a few of them—even though we set ourselves the task of doing so. And yet, this one provincial governor of Rome has not only been remembered, but week after week his name has been repeated by millions of people in all portions of the world. As Christian worshipers repeat the words of the Apostles' Creed they use the familiar phrase, " Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried."

Now, Pilate, I repeat, was probably not worse than a good many other Roman officials of his class. He failed, however, just where the Roman system was generally most successful. The underlying principle of Roman rule over conquered provinces, which the British successfully have copied, was tolerance. Rome allowed for differences of opinion; and did not interfere with local prejudices and religious beliefs. But in this respect Pilate was no true representative of his imperial master. Of equestrian rank, he came from the household of Tiberius to be procurator over part of the distant province of Syria—including Judea, Samaria, and Idumea. He ruled for ten years, and quarreled almost continuously with the Jews. He was deficient, most of all, in tact. He seems to have had no understanding of the people. He constantly outraged their religious laws and customs. For instance, one night, under cover of darkness, he had the Roman standards, with the imperial eagles, brought to Jerusalem and set up in the temple area. For five long days and nights he was besieged in his palace, and besought to remove the hated objects. Again he brought to Jerusalem a number of Roman shields, and displayed them publicly. That was another outrage; and he refused to remove the unwelcome signs of Cæsar's rule until an order came from Tiberius himself instructing him to do so. Once more, there was trouble when he used some of the

temple money to build an aqueduct for bringing water into the Holy City. Finally, he had some Samaritans put to death who were carrying on excavations, seeking for hidden treasures on Mt. Gerizim. That finished his career. For that act, in the year A. D. 36, he was recalled, and exiled to Gaul, where it is said that he committed suicide.

But that, perhaps, is legend. For certain it is that legends speedily grew up around his execrated name. According to one story, his body was flung into the Tiber, where periodically it disturbs the waters. Another legend says that it was cast into the River Rhone with like effect. But the most familiar legend is that it found a resting-place in a little lake on Mt. Pilatus, near Lucerne. There, once a year, on the morning of Good Friday, the body comes to the surface and, sitting on the shore, "washes unavailing hands."

Now, my friends, it is this washing of the hands that I want to speak about today: this tendency to feel that we can rid ourselves of apparent responsibility; that by some outward word, or act, we can put away a duty, or proclaim our innocence. Where did the custom come from? How did Pilate happen to perform the symbolic act before the people? Did the custom, and, in consequence, the phrase, originate with him? If not, what is the actual origin of the expression, and to what extent is the action availing, or unavailing now, as then?

It is evident enough, when we set ourselves seriously to think upon the matter, that the custom, and the expression of it, have a Jewish origin. "I will wash mine hands in innocency," says the Psalmist; "So will I compass thine altar, O Lord." Over and over again, too, in the prophets and the law, we find references to washing away the sins of life; and purging ourselves with hyssop in order to be clean. All such expressions and suggestions, however, go back to a

specific law in the book of Deuteronomy. There we find the definite commandment that when a murder has been committed, and the slayer is unknown, all the elders, in the city that is nearest to the slain man's home, shall go down into some valley, and, having killed an animal by way of sacrifice, shall wash their hands over it, and say, "Our hands have not slain this blood, neither have our eyes seen it."

But even then, we are face to face with a question, for Pilate was a Roman. Are we to infer that he was familiar with the Jewish law and saw an opportunity to make use of it? It may be so, but such an inference is unnecessary. For the custom of washing one's hands for securing or proclaiming innocence is found among the Greeks and Romans as well as among the Jews. There are references to it both in Virgil and in Ovid. Indeed, like so many other customs in this world, it appears to go back to remotest times. It is almost universal in its origin. It was hoary with age before the days of Pilate and of Christ. And—what is much more to the point—the disposition if not the act; the expression, if not the ceremony; the wish, if not the law prescribing it, are present with us still.

I began by saying that the descendants of Pilate are more in number than the sands of the sea. They inherit from their immoral, unstable ancestor in this—that they "wash their hands of things." That is to say, they seek to deny, or to avoid responsibility, and to put off the blame, when things go wrong. When evils multiply; when social abuses come to be conspicuous; when politicians play politics; and public servants betray trusts; when everything seems going to the bad, and things are done in churches, or in senate-chambers that reflect discredit on us; how often we feel like saying, if we do not say it; or hear it said, if we do not use the words ourselves, "Oh, well! I wash my hands of the

whole business. If the world wants to go to the Devil, let it go. There's nothing I can do. At least, it's not my fault. My hands are clean. So what's the use of taking things too much to heart? After us the deluge. If it only doesn't come in our time, we may well be glad."

I ask you, is not that the attitude of many people, at the present time? Is it not the attitude of many good people, or, let us say, " presumptuous " people, of whose " sins " I spoke to you last week? Is it not a fact that they stand where Pilate stood when he called for a basin, and not only washed—for the Greek word means to wash hard, to scrub, or cleanse—when he scrubbed his hands before the multitude, and said, " I am innocent; on you is this just man's blood "? The only difference is that he, though he little dreamed the fact, was face to face with the greatest of all great and high religious teachers; so that he brought upon himself eternal shame and hate.

But, let us look a little further. Why was it that this Roman governor who was sent to Palestine to govern, and who wore the imperial insignia of authority, or responsibility—why was it that he put aside the responsibility that was his by right, and washed his hands of the entire business? Had he been resourceful; had he been a true and loyal Roman, he might have done as one of his brother officials did in the case of the Apostle Paul. For Gallio was the deputy governor in Achaia. And when the Jews who were living in Corinth became incensed with the great apostle, they brought him before the judgment seat, and accused him, saying, " This fellow persuadeth men to worship God contrary to the law." And when the apostle was about to open his mouth and speak in his own defence, the Roman governor stopped him, and said to his accusers, " If it were a matter of wrong, or wicked lewdness, there would be reason to hear you. But if it is a matter of words, or names, or

of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge in such matters." And Gallio drove them out of court; and Paul was freed.

But not so Pilate; although he might have done the same. Instead, he washed his hands of the entire matter; he let religious hatred work its will. And why? What reasons were there that influenced him?

I. First of all, Pilate was indolent. These people of Palestine had given him endless trouble. They seemed so foolish—with such childish ideas. They had no judgment; no common sense, as we should call it. They took such ready offence. They were constantly pestering him; and when he even wanted to confer benefits on them, and give them the great Roman boon of good drinking water, they complained, and thwarted him. His patience, therefore, was exhausted. He was weary of their stubbornness; weary of human nature; weary of the constant struggle between good and evil in the world; weary, it may be, of social prophets and religious enthusiasts.

And that kind of weariness comes over nearly all of us, at times. Why can't people be sensible?, we think. Why can't they see things right—which means, of course, see things as we see them? Why can't they settle down and take things as they are, and make the best of what clearly is a part of life itself? Such moods attack us all at times. We cease to find enjoyment in the heat and dust and turmoil of the great arena, where "struggle" is the note that rises sharp and clear above the all-prevailing tumult. When I think of all the "lost causes" of the world; of all the mountains of reform that have groaned and trembled, giving promise of great things, and then have only brought forth a tiny mouse-like change; when I reflect upon the many temptations that there are to stand aside and let things take their course, then my only wonder is that the line of reform-

ers does not waver, and that more people do not wash their hands of theological disputation and of would-be martyrs who enjoy the glare of public controversy. In short, one wonders that the supply of invisible soap and water has not long since been exhausted, there are so many, many people who go through the motions of putting off the blame.

II. But there was another thing that probably betrayed Pilate, and led him to the act of wretched weakness that has caused him to be detested ever since.

In his self-centeredness he was thinking too much of himself. With a modicum of sympathy for the gentle saint and patient soul who was being tortured at the hands of bigotry and hate, he appeared to see, in the tragic situation, an opportunity to gain for himself a little popularity. He had often offended these stiff-necked people in the past. Why, then, might he not now secure a little favor? If they wanted this man's life—if it would please them to have Him out of the way—the blood would be upon their own hands, not on his. And hence, because he lacked convictions: because he thought first of himself; because he was afraid to give offence, he put popularity before prophecy, and personal advantage before the public good.

And this tendency, although in lesser crises, has constantly become displayed through all the length and breadth of human history; and never more so than today. Individuals, communities, whole countries have undertaken to wash their hands of certain manifest responsibilities. They have said, " What business is it of ours? What good can we get out of it? Our first duty is to look out for ourselves." That is the way many Americans have been talking lately in regard to Europe and its problems. Indeed, this has tended to be America's attitude ever since the armistice was signed. And the result has been that individuals and the nation have sacrificed their leadership; have come to be

distrusted; have lost the influence they might have had; and have dragged their honor in the dust.

The danger of "self-centeredness" is a most persistent and pervasive danger. It leads to moral downfall more than almost any other phase of moral weakness. It is when we consult convenience, and not conscience; personal advantage and not public service, that we tend to bring upon ourselves the world's derision and dislike. In short, by the very act of trying to wash our hands of some responsibility we often bring out blemishes of character that inhere in constitution, or in nature. By our very words we are condemned; and the excuses that we make are the judges who send down unfavorable verdicts.

III. But there was a third consideration that contributed, no doubt, to Pilate's apostasy and downfall. The whole proceeding, in the blindness of his heart, appeared to him of no great consequence. It did not matter much, he thought, what part he took, or what decision he might render. Palestine was just a little corner of the mighty empire. It was of slight account when one pictured the sweeping sands of Egypt, the mountains and the streams of Gaul, and the far-off pasture-lands of Britain. No one cared much for Judea, or noticed what went on there. Nor could he tell that this silent Prophet was very different from a score of other perfervid, patriotic enthusiasts that he had had to deal with. Because he minimized the importance of the thing, therefore it was that he dared to "wash his hands" of the matter, and to leave the responsibility with others.

And I wonder if any other consideration quite so much as this one, induces people nowadays to stand aside, and to take no active, earnest, toilsome part in the world's great work of progress and reform. They say to themselves that it doesn't matter; that they don't count for much; that it

makes no difference whether they take part or not in something that is going on.

" There is," said Phillips Brooks in his famous sermon on " The Curse of Meroz;" " there is such a thing as a ' false humility ' which accounts for the uselessness of people who might be useful. Humility," he added, " is good when it stimulates, it is bad when it paralyzes the active powers of a man! It may do either! We have noble examples of humility as a stimulus—the sense of weakness making a man all the more ardent to use all the strength he has! But, if conscious weakness causes a man to believe that it makes no difference whether he works or not, then his humility is his curse."

We cannot, therefore, " wash our hands " of things, saying that our influence, or help, or coöperation is of no account. There is no excuse, at any time, or any ground, for the striking and symbolic act through which the cowardly Roman official in the old days sought to find relief, and to proclaim his innocence. The law of mutual social responsibility is the biggest and the broadest, and the most binding law there is in life. It throws its unseen meshes around each and all of us. The father cannot rightly " wash his hands " of a wayward son, or daughter; nor a selfish and impatient child disclaim all further duty towards a parent. Because we have tried and failed is no reason why we should not try again. Whether we like it, and approve, or not, we all are bound together in one great human family—individuals with individuals, communities with communities, nations with nations.

When, therefore, because of cowardice, or indolence, or selfishness, or discouragement, we say, " Give me water that I may wash my hands " of this or that, the voice of the Lord speaks out in answer, " By that very wish thou hast suffered stain; for by serving we are purified."

REV. HENRY KNOX SHERRILL

Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill, Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston, since 1923, was born in Brooklyn, New York, and received A.B. degree from Yale and B.D. degree from Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge. He was made a Deacon in 1914, and a Priest in 1915. He was Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, Boston, 1914-17, Rector of the Church of Our Saviour, Brookline, Mass., 1919-23, leaving Brookline for his present parish. Mr. Sherrill's sermon, "God Through Personality," pays supreme homage to Jesus Christ, and to other men through whom God moves. His sermon is also fitting because he is a worthy successor of Phillips Brooks, through whom God moved so wonderfully, and who developed Trinity Church so that it became a great center for hungry souls.

XXII

GOD THROUGH PERSONALITY

Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill

"God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his son."—Hebrews 1:1-2.

The writer of these words has stated his belief in the revelation of God through personality. There are other ways in which we know God. Who can ascend a mountain peak and look across the valley to the distant hills without feeling the glory and the majesty of the Creator! A beautiful work of art will uplift us. Few can hear a recital of great music without transcending space and time and realizing through that inspiration the presence of God. Personality is not our only way of knowing the Eternal. But it is the chief means through which God guides the children of men throughout the course of human history. He might have devised some other way, to have used us as mere automatons, or to have forced us by terrible threats and awe-inspiring appearances to do His will. By force and power He might have gained our allegiance. But judging from the past He does not desire our subjection; He wishes to win us through the power of love. God leads us through God-inspired individuals. Through personality He works His will.

In the history of Israel there is the figure of the great leader Moses. Without doubt it was God's will that the children of Israel should leave Egypt and enter a new land where, in the course of time, they would make their great

religious contribution to the whole of mankind. The way all that transpired was through the life of a man named Moses, inspired by God with courage, wisdom, and foresight. In the Old Testament, incident to the journey of the Israelites are described plagues, the crossing of the Dead Sea, and various miraculous events brought about by God's intervention. These are entirely secondary in value and importance, for the great fact was that God led His children through a God-inspired man.

This revelation of God through men is characteristic of the entire history of the Hebrew people. We read in the Elijah stories of miraculous happenings. But these are unimportant beside the fact that Elijah was a man so true to God, so firm in his own convictions, that he was able to withstand the opposition of his day and generation in loyalty to the God who had inspired him. Isaiah, Jeremiah, on through the succeeding generations, we find that when a crisis came there was "a man sent from God" to use the words applied to John the Baptist.

That, as I understand it, is what the writer of the text means when he says that God has spoken in times past through the prophets. But he continues, "God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his son." The great revelation of God through personality is in Jesus Christ. Would you know God? Would you find an answer to the deep desire of your heart? Would you have an unconquerable hope for the future? Would you know the way you should take as you meet the intricate problems and perplexities of today? Where can you turn for ultimate truth and reality but to Him who in the Fourth Gospel is quoted as having said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father"? God, in His desire to reveal Himself, wishing to save us from sin and error, winning our allegiance, does not come in thundercloud or with fire and storm, but comes into

life as a little child, born in a manger in Bethlehem. The Christ growing in knowledge and stature, living the life of a carpenter of Nazareth, meeting our temptations, bearing greater burdens than any of us have ever tried to bear, preaching to the common people who heard Him gladly, ministering to all who needed Him, dying on the Cross, rising from the dead, is the revelation of a God of infinite love—indeed our Father. In this life of Christ God is shown in such a way that all of us can understand. There is no one so dull or ignorant but that he can grasp something of the love of God in Christ. The manger of Bethlehem, the parables from real life, the simple heroism, the death on Calvary, Easter morning, these touch and hold us all. There in Jesus Christ is God speaking to us for all time.

The text closes with the revelation of God in Christ. But does that mean that God has for two thousand years ceased to speak to men? No, for God still continues to reveal Himself through personality to the generations of men. It is not that the revelation in Christ is being superseded or improved from generation to generation. I do not mean to imply for one moment that because others speak as men sent from God, Jesus is not Himself the great Revealer, for all time. He Himself said, " Greater works than these shall ye do because I go to the Father." He has not left us comfortless. God's spirit is still leading us to all truth. But this later speaking for God is in the name and through the power of the revelation in Christ. From St. Paul to the present day men have witnessed for God. Many of them have done this in the spirit and the words of St. Paul, " Not I, but Christ that liveth in me." Others have not perhaps been entirely conscious of their debt to Christ. But their service has been possible because of the light which came into the world in Him. God's guidance through men

ends with no period of history. Today He leads through personality.

There came a crisis in our national life. For years men had seen the developing of a serious situation. All the leaders of the nation had done their best to solve the problem. Finally, in despair, their hearts began to fail them with fear. Where was the man who could save the nation? In a little log cabin a man was born with no great worldly advantage. Even in young manhood he made no great impression. Elected to the Presidency he was patronized and ridiculed by many. Yet all the time he was being prepared to save the nation he loved. Abraham Lincoln, in his day and generation, was a man sent from God. Through him God led this nation.

Louis Pasteur is born in France. By a lifetime of devotion to truth, ability and sacrifice, he made the greatest contribution to the welfare of his fellow-men. A man of simple faith, he himself felt that he was doing God's work.

General Booth, in the slums of London saving souls by preaching the love of God, was an agent of the Highest, God speaking in the nineteenth century to men. And what shall I say more? For the time will fail me if I tell of all those who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, in their time have been fellow-laborers with God. All through life we find it—that men know God through their fellow-men. A father or a mother inspires a son; friend gives inspiration to friend; a preacher appeals to one in a pew; a parishioner brings new light and strength to the preacher. So it goes from one to another. The revelation of God in Christ passes on through the beauty and holiness of human lives.

How shall our own day know the living God? Who is there to speak for Him in this present generation? Of course God is able of the very stones to raise up children

unto Abraham. But, judging by the past, we can say in all humility and reverence, for the task is overwhelming in responsibility, " God will speak to men through us, who have given our allegiance to Jesus Christ." We are the channels through which He is to work His will. If we fail in prayer, in sacrifice and in service, then we have failed both God and men. In the deepest sense of that Old Testament conviction as to God, He has chosen us. In this there can be no cause for elation. Necessity is laid upon us. Woe is unto us if we preach not the gospel.

There are many who have been saying these years, " How was it that God could allow the war? " It is the same type of question as " How does God permit sickness? or, Can God be love when the slums are in existence? It is the feeling that God is responsible for all our evils. We can rest in perfect righteousness ourselves by placing the responsibility upon Him. Many who ask these questions are themselves doing very little to solve these particular problems. Those who have a passion for peace and righteousness, who are toiling with might and main to bring in the reign of the Prince of Peace, have no bitterness toward God. They realize that they are striving to work His will. Many a physician and nurse, many a social worker, feel that their chief inspiration comes from the conviction that they are doing God's work. The responsibility for these terrible problems and conditions rests upon us. Men prayed to God to remove the plague. They should in conjunction with those prayers have studied the conditions of sanitation. We cannot expect the kingdom to come without effort on our part, without the consecration of ourselves, our souls and bodies. Only through such consecration does God work His way.

Would you bring the reign of God upon earth? Would you spread the Gospel of Christ throughout the world?

There is no easy vicarious way to achieve these ends. There is only one simple, direct, personal answer to these desires. Be a Christian yourself. In so far as you can, live in Christ. Find out what God would have you do and be. Then make the definite application to the circumstances in which you find yourself. If you can in any measure accomplish this, then just so far the God who spoke through the prophets, who revealed Himself in a later day in Jesus Christ will reveal Himself through you to the men of your own day. It makes no difference who you are or where you are, whether in business, in the home, or in school. God needs you as He does us all.

To be a witness for God, to win men to His service. Is there any greater opportunity than that? Can there be a greater responsibility? A weary, disrupted world is longing for leadership. There are wounds to be healed, hatreds to be overcome, tasks to be undertaken. Deep in the hearts of men, whether the desire is expressed or not, is the longing to hear the voice of the living God. Are we meeting this greatest of all needs? Is God able to speak through us today?

REV. SAMUEL MACAULAY LINDSAY

Rev. Samuel Macaulay Lindsay, Minister of the Brookline Baptist Church, was born in Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland, and came to the United States fifteen years ago. Dr. Lindsay began to preach in the open air in Scotland, and there learned the art of interesting people in the gospel of Jesus Christ. He is an expository preacher; he chooses one theme for a year and preaches on the same subject on succeeding Sundays. In 1926 he preached on " The Psalms;" in 1927, on " The Life of Christ." The Brookline Baptist Church is crowded with young people who seek to know " the way of life more perfectly." Probably more students worship there than in any other church in Greater Boston save the Old South Congregational Church. In 1926 Bates College conferred upon Mr. Lindsay the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His accompanying sermon will reveal the ability of Dr. Lindsay as a preacher.

XXIII

THE LOVINGKINDNESS OF THE LORD

Rev. Samuel Macaulay Lindsay, D.D.

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."—Psalm 107:43.

This is a psalm of thanksgiving, inspired by the return of the children of Israel from exile in a foreign land. The theme is "The Lovingkindness of Jehovah." The psalm records various experiences of individuals in which the mercy of the Lord was expressed in answer to prayer. The purpose of the author is to lead men to reflect upon life so that they may become better acquainted with the heart of the Eternal.

The poem is written in the form of a dramatic dialogue. A group of men who have returned to their own beloved land after years of exile, meet together, possibly in the village where they spent their boyhood. Since then they have been separated from each other, and in this reunion their hearts overflow with gratitude to Jehovah. Their emotions are articulated in the first three verses:

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good,
For his mercy endureth forever,
Let the redeemed of the Lord say so
Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy,
And gathered them out of the lands
From the east and from the west,
From the north and from the south."

What would be more natural than that they should tell

each other of their experiences? In verses 4-33 we have such conversation. If one is to appreciate the beauty of this poem, one must visualize the characters who speak and the emotions behind their words. As one reads it, it seems like the description of a Methodist class-meeting or an old-fashioned New England prayer-meeting which has found its way into the Old Testament.

The first speaker tells of being lost in the desert. He was with a caravan which wandered from the trade route and was in danger of death. The men who listened appreciated the seriousness of this situation. During such an experience one must trust to blind fate or to a loving Father. The men who were lost believed in Jehovah and cried unto Him for salvation. Even as a shepherd leads his flock, the Lord guided them back to the lost route and brought them back to a city of habitation. When the narrative is completed the listeners exclaim:

> *"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,*
> *And for his wonderful works to the children of men."*

The second speaker tells of being confined in an oriental prison. In the spirit of contrition he confesses that it was the result of rebellion against the Word of God. His description of suffering is graphic. One can almost see him in the narrow cell which he describes as "The shadow of death." He also testifies to God's deliverance. He called unto the Lord for help and He "broke the gates of brass and cut the bars of iron in sunder." As he interprets his liberty in terms of the mercy of God, the listeners again say:

> *"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,*
> *And for his wonderful works to the children of men."*

The third speaker tells about sickness which resulted

from folly. In humility he says, " Fools because of their transgressions and because of their iniquity are afflicted. Their soul abhorreth all manner of meat and they draw near to the gates of death." In this condition he called unto the Lord, who sent His Word and healed him. As he concludes his testimony, the others unite in saying:

" Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men."

The fourth speaker had been a sailor during the exile. His description of a ship at sea during a storm is so real that one can easily imagine the scene. During the storm the sailors were at their wits' end and it looked as if they would be lost. But in their distress they cried unto the Lord and He made the storm a calm and brought them into their desired haven. The listeners have learned that Jehovah's mercy has been revealed in the desert, in prison and in sickness. But when they are told that His mercy has also been experienced on the ocean they again exclaim:

" Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness,
And for his wonderful works to the children of men."

In verses 33-42 the form of the poem changes. The poet tells us that he has seen " a fruitful land turned into barrenness, and dry ground into water springs."

His reflection upon the experience of nations has taught him that God is present in their affairs, expressing His approval and disapproval.

The theme is stated in the last verse, " Whoso is wise and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord."

Happy indeed are the men and women who interpret their experience in terms of God's mercy. The ability to do so gives poise to the soul and fills every day with thanksgiving.

The inability to do this makes one pessimistic and robs life of its charm.

I. HIS LOVINGKINDNESS IS EXPRESSED IN THE AFFECTION OF OUR FRIENDS

Life is made beautiful by friendship, even as homes are made joyous by children. The spirit of friendship, like the spirit of God, is always with us, seeking to make life richer, purer, happier and more complete.

Some friendships are born while the kindly breezes of spring sing of hope to the drowsy buds and flowers. Others awaken as the warmth of God's love expresses itself in the intense summer heat. Again, others find their friends in the maturity of life when the glory of the autumn sunset is reflected by the ripening grain and the ruddy fruit. There are also friends who discover each other in the chilly days of winter, when hope and success are only thought of in terms of yesterday. Yet no matter when friendship comes, it always brings new meaning to life.

Friendship is based on a community of interests. Some men find their friends among those who pursue the same vocation; farmers form friendships with farmers, lawyers with lawyers, carpenters with carpenters. Others find their friendships among those who enjoy like pleasures. The yachtsman, the fisherman and the hunter understand this. Others find friends among those who have similar ambitions, and not a few among those who have experienced common sorrow. But the most royal friends are those who have found in each other a common spirit. They find themselves to be the complement of each other, and interpret life in higher terms than of those things which are seen and heard.

The story of the most exalted friendship in history is told in that brief phrase, "Abraham was the friend of

God." The spirit of Jehovah found a home in the heart of Abraham, and this unique friendship resulted. The shepherd of the stars and herdsman of the plains were possessed of a common spirit, which resulted in a most sacred friendship. Happy indeed is that man who can interpret friendship in terms of God.

Have you ever interpreted friendship in terms of God's love, and thought of your friends as souls through whom He expressed His love to you? There is something Godlike in the love of a mother for her babe, also in the affection which friends have for each other.

When one thinks of their friends as mediators of the understanding sympathy of God, it gives dignity to friendship and inspires one to be more friendly to others. One feels that Sam Walter Foss expressed in his poem, "The House by the Side of the Road," an ideal toward which we should all strive.

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn,
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

II. HIS LOVINGKINDNESS IS EXPRESSED TO US IN THE VARIED EXPERIENCES OF LIFE

Life is made up of a variety of experiences. As we reflect upon our yesterdays, we rejoice in the days when we experienced joy, friendship, growth and opportunity for service. But too many have not yet learned to see God's hand in the trials and disappointments in life. Even as we need four seasons to perfect the year, so we need both joy and sorrow to perfect character. We are living in an age when too

many are content to tune in on heaven in the day time, forgetting that God also gives us " songs in the night."

The tragedy of early Hebrew thought was in the idea that success was an expression of divine favor and misfortune a proof of His displeasure. They had not learned to interpret their sorrows in terms of God's love. This theme is presented to us in the book of Job. In studying the story we learn that men like Job often suffer greatly, but that their experience enlarges their affections and brings them a nobler conception of the Infinite. When one is tempted to revert to the primitive interpretation of life it is well to read Job, and to remember how the saints have suffered in every generation.

In the daily round of familiar duties we must trust God and believe that as a father loves his children, so the Lord loves and cares for us. We may often feel like orphans on the shores of life, but there is watching over us a loving Father who is acquainted with our limitations, and doing the best He can for us at all times. Such wholesome faith gives dignity to life in its most humble activities, and sustains us when called upon to bear unexpected burdens.

In the days of unexpected grief we must trust in the Lord. Sorrow is a part of life. There is a Gethsemane for every man and a Calvary for every life. A place where in the darkness of ignorance we must submit our wills to God and take the bitter cup and drink it. A place where we must remain loyal to God even though it seems He has forsaken us. There is no explanation of the great sorrows of life, but in them there is the larger opportunity for the exercise of faith. If we can retain our faith in God in spite of the temptation to give it up, we will find the true mission of sorrow. It will make us more gentle, and tender, enlarge our affections, and increase our interest in others. Sorrow impoverishes some hearts, but enriches others. It embitters

some, but sweetens others. It brutalizes some men and softens others. The aftermath of sorrow is determined by the attitude we take to it. If we remain trustful we may learn that sorrow can be a great blessing to our lives, and we may yet thank God for the night as for the day. It is my sincere belief that all experience when wisely interpreted makes for our ultimate good.

When George Matheson lost his sight the affliction was the supreme test of his manhood. Did blindness embitter him against God? No. It but revealed to the world the sweetness of his spirit and the beauty of his faith. In his immortal poem he expressed the faith which God would have us all possess.

"O Love, that will not let me go,
I lay my wearied soul on Thee.
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

"O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee.
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

III. HIS LOVINGKINDNESS IS EXPRESSED IN NATURE

Jesus believed this, and taught it to His disciples. One cannot read the Sermon on the Mount without learning that the Saviour saw the love of the Father in the sun, the rain, the flowers, the grass, and in the birds of the air. When thinking of the sun and the rain He said, "He maketh the sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." When looking at the fields, He remarked, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one

of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you? " When seeing the birds, He said, " Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them." This was characteristic of the Master. He always found nature expressing the love of God to the children of men.

In the city we are impressed by the power of man. We walk on streets which men have made, and live in buildings which men have built. All around us is the handiwork of man, and we rejoice in his genius. But when we go into the country and look on the trees and the ripening grain, and watch the wind blow over the long grass, and see the light of the sun filtering through the leaves of the shrubbery, we are impressed by the power and love of God. Happy indeed are the men and women who, in city and country, can see through nature to God, and say with Maltie D. Babcock:

" Back of the bread is the flour,
Back of the flour is the mill,
And back of the mill is the growing grain,
And the rain, and the Master's will."

There are some who cannot reconcile their experience with the Christian conception of God, and there are others who cannot reconcile their conception of the universe with the picture of the Infinite which they have inherited. All such people have our sympathy. Some of us have been where they are and understand their problems. But such problems are a challenge to individuals to begin a new spiritual pilgrimage and discover God for themselves. Obey the challenge, and you will learn that love is the greatest thing in the world, and that God is love.

IV. HIS LOVINGKINDNESS IS EXPRESSED IN THE CROSS

The story of the death of our Saviour on the Cross is the very heart of the gospel. Succeeding generations have found peace and pardon through accepting Him as their Saviour. The Cross has become the center of our faith and the glory of the Church.

The Cross is the eternal testimony to the love of God. Since the death of Jesus we have interpreted the character of the Eternal on the slopes of Calvary, and repeat with holy reverence, " God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." To all who believe in Him the Cross has become the supreme revelation of the character of the Almighty.

A study of the variety of Christian experience shows how meaningful the death of Christ has been to the saints of the Church. It was the dominant theme in the gospel which the apostles preached, the inspiration of the Christian martyrs, the secret of the character of the early Christians, the dynamic of the Protestant Reformation, the way of life to John Bunyan, and the way of redemption to John Newton. This has been the inspiration of our missionaries, and is our only hope for salvation. With John Bowering we sing:

" In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time.
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

" When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day."

Happy indeed are the men and women who have received a revelation of the love of God at the Cross. They are to

be envied, for at no other place in history has God expressed the affection of His heart so completely as at Mount Calvary.

The two most beautiful stories in the Gospels are those of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan. In the first we learn of a father whose love for his wayward son illustrates the love God has for His children. The theme is expressed in the phrase, " He had compassion on him." In the second we read of one who was robbed by highwaymen on the Jericho highway. Seriously wounded, he lay in his gore by the side of the road. A priest passed by on the other side, a Levite came and looked at him, then passed by, but a certain Samaritan came where he was, " and had compassion on him." The theme of this story is contained in the phrase, " He had compassion on him." The kindness of the Samaritan was immortalized by Jesus, and the world thinks of him as the ideal neighbor.

God has expressed His lovingkindness unto us. We ought to express lovingkindness to others. Is not this the inspiration we should receive from meditating upon His love? Are we only to find cause for thanksgiving in the things which we receive? Shall we not also find it in opportunity for service? We live in a world in which there is much need, and our meditation on the eternal goodness will be in vain if it does not inspire us to go forth and express to others the love with which God has enriched our lives.

In Palestine there are two seas, one at either end of a river. The Sea of Galilee, created by the snows of Hermon, empties itself into the turbulent Jordan. The River Jordan empties itself into the Dead Sea. It is called the Dead Sea because it has no outlet. It receives everything but gives nothing. Blessings received and not shared are a curse. To accept the favor of God and not to share it with others is selfishness. The beauty of Christian life is seen when one

awakens to the compassion of God and then expresses it to others. Sir Bartle Freses was coming to visit a home in Scotland. The master of the house, when sending a servant to meet him, said, " When the train comes in you will see a tall gentleman helping someone." By this simple description the servant was able to identify the guest. This is how God expects His children to be recognized. Like the Master, they love and serve, going about doing good.

REV. HECTOR FERGUSON

Rev. Hector Ferguson, Minister of The Scotch Presbyterian Church, Boston, was born in Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, and when a young boy was taken by his parents to Big Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, where on a farm he grew to manhood, receiving his elementary education near by. His training for the ministry was received in Manitoba College and Manitoba University, Winnipeg. He served several parishes in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. From The Pas, Manitoba, in 1922 he took up the work of his present parish. His sermon, "How to Do the Impossible," presents a challenge to every reader.

XXIV

HOW TO DO THE IMPOSSIBLE

Rev. Hector Ferguson

"The things which are impossible with men are possible with God."—Luke 18:27.

In all His teaching, Jesus emphasized the possibilities in human life. He knew that one of the great truths man needed to learn was the truth about man himself. When man learns the secret of power in his own life many impossible tasks will be brought within the range of possibility. Men very often find themselves confronted with tasks which, humanly speaking, seem impossible, and in their helplessness say only, "God can do this great work, this is not within the range of human effort." And so the work is left undone. I do not think, however, that such is the meaning of our Lord's words, as contained in our text. It is very true, of course, that divine power is unlimited, while man, of necessity, feels the limitation of his ability. But here I think Jesus was seeking to show the possibilities in human life rather than to minimize these powers. My understanding of the Master's words here is, that man by a life of fellowship with God may accomplish tasks which would be impossible by human effort alone. The disciples were facing a real problem. Looking upon this young ruler with all his wealth and splendid qualities of heart and mind, they thought that if he could not be saved, then who could be? They saw the outside of life, the human side with its limitations. Christ saw the inside with its divine powers. He

saw deeper than human thought and knew that in that young man's life were powers waiting the divine touch which would, when brought into fellowship with God, be able to move mountains. And His answer to their question: "Though he cannot save himself by his wealth or even by his good works, by surrendering himself to God, and living in fellowship with Him eternal life is assured."

There is a most profound truth here which men need to learn if they would make their lives count for the best possible good. Jesus leads men into the deep things of life. His teaching penetrates through the surface and brings men face to face with the great truths which are indeed the very bread of life. We learn from these words of our Lord that the impossible is made possible when man allies himself with God. All things are brought within the range of possibility when the human personality is encircled by the divine. To learn this truth is not to know your weakness but to deepen the consciousness of the possibilities within your own soul.

Let us first note this principle as it applies to membership in the kingdom of God. "Who then can be saved?" asked the disciples when they saw the difficulty in the way of the rich man entering the kingdom of God. There is always the open door to the kingdom of God, and all may enter by that door. But there is only one door, and no matter what a man's social, financial or political status may be, the entrance to the kingdom of God is through Jesus Christ, who is the way, the truth and the life. If the young ruler had dedicated his life to God his religious problem would have been solved and his question of life answered. Men are seeking an entrance to the kingdom of God very often through human effort. "What good thing shall I do?" No doubt this young man thought that with his position, his wealth and his influence he ought to be able to render some service that would assure him a place in the eternal man-

sions. Many are asking the same question today, "What good thing shall I do?" The weakness of that position is that it begins at the wrong place. The Christian life will express itself in service, but good works will not purchase an entrance to the kingdom of God. When the life is first dedicated to God, love will become the compelling power in life and the question will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Your business is not to save your own soul only. Your business is to live and act according to the divine plan. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" said Jesus, and that is your business and mine. You save your life by giving it, and when you selfishly try to save it you lose it. Life is developed to its fulness by service. The abundant life which Jesus came to impart is for all who will fulfil the conditions; and the very first condition is obedience to God. When a man realizes the truth that he is a child of God and in that relationship performs the duties of a son, he is a member of the kingdom of God, and has now eternal life abiding in him.

Then again we apply this truth to the world of service. And here men are not asking, "What good thing shall I do?" but rather: "How shall we face the great tasks of life?" There are mighty tasks and great problems confronting men today, and so often we hear men say that they are beyond the bounds of human possibility. There are tasks of national and world-wide significance calling men to put forth their best effort, and men are asking, "Who is sufficient for these things?" The world is calling for leadership today. What are the qualifications men seek for in those who would be leaders in world affairs? Who is sufficient for those things? Who is qualified for leadership in the social, political or religious world? Many would see in this young ruler all the qualifications for leadership. He was educated, and knew the principles of good government.

He was wealthy, walked in the best society. His moral conduct was unquestioned. He was a man of influence in the social, financial and political world. Any party would say, "Surely this man is qualified for leadersihp." And yet he failed. He was lacking in the very first essential for real service. With all his qualifications his life was a failure because his talents were not dedicated to God. The world is needing what it always needed, consecrated leadership. No other leadership is sufficient. We need men who will consecrate their powers to God. Consecrated leadership is needed in every department of life, men who will work with God, men who are willing and ready to recognize God as their Leader, and work with Him in the great service of life. "Who am I?" asked Moses when God called to him from the burning bush and commanded him to go down and deliver the Israelites from Egyptian bondage. He saw the greatness of the task and was quite conscious of its difficulties. He realized that without the help of God the task was beyond the range of human possibility, but God assured him of the divine presence, "Surely I will be with thee," and with that assurance of God's presence he went and the impossible was made possible. Gideon, with his thirty-two thousand, could not face the Midianites of his day, but Gideon with God soon put that vast army to flight. When the servant of Elisha saw the city surrounded by the forces of the enemy he saw nothing save defeat, but Elisha prayed that God would open his eyes, and when that prayer was answered the servant saw the forces of God and victory was assured. Read again the pages of history and note the character of the men who were successful leaders, both in the religious and political world. Isaiah, Paul, John Knox, John Wesley, William Booth, Abraham Lincoln, William Gladstone, and many others who accomplished the impossible because of the indwelling presence of God in their life.

Again we see the importance of being allied with the forces of righteousness. If we are working with God we shall be on the side of truth. Men of evil designs, men who are actuated by selfish motives, men whose aims in life are out of harmony with the will of God are not partners with Him, and cannot claim His presence or guidance. Working with God means that you are on God's side. It means that everything you attempt to do will have the stamp of divine approval. We always like to think that God is on our side, that He will help in the cause in which we are engaged, that we can count on Him helping us to win the game, but the most important thing, after all, for us is to know that we are on His side, to know that we are playing the game, that we are honest with God and honest with ourselves, that our interests are His interests. A minister expressed to Abraham Lincoln, one time, the hope that the Lord was on the side of the Union. The reply was characteristic of the man, "I know that the Lord is always on the side of right, but God is my witness that it is my constant anxiety and prayer that myself and this nation should be on the Lord's side." The great American went to the very heart of the matter in that notable answer to his friend's desire. In the world of service today, as always, the essential factor is to be sure that we are on the side of right, to have the consciousness that we are engaged in a work which is of divine purpose. Too often man asks for God's favor and assistance without asking Him if He approves of the work in which they are engaged. Working with God means doing work which is of His planning. Let us remember that God never asks a man to do anything that is not of His planning. Neither does He ask anything that is not possible. God's plans are always possible of accomplishment, but carrying them out requires the consecrated and obedient effort on the part of men. Working with God, all things are possible. The real-

ization of this truth is the great need in the meeting of our present-day problems. The pessimists who tell us that certain laws on the statute books cannot be enforced make such a statement without taking God into account. They either work independently of God or are not in sympathy with the law, which may be the same as not being in sympathy with God's law. No laws dealing with social reforms can be enforced until people and government not only work together, but work together with God. When they do that they will demonstrate the truth of these words of Jesus, "The things that are impossible with men are possible with God."

Is it not true that even the Church of God very often hesitates before a great task and says, "It cannot be done." In any great enterprise it is so easy to see the difficulties. It is right that we should see the difficulties, but we ought to know that although the task may be a difficult one, even impossible with man alone, that working in union with God the impossible is made possible. The Church needs to know that she is working along lines of divine planning, even as that lesson must be learned by the individual. The Church without divine companionship is powerless and will find that its tasks are impossible. The Church being a divine institution must of necessity, if it will succeed, work under divine direction. "See," said He, "that ye make all things according to the pattern shown thee on the mount." When the soul communes with God, life's purposes as planned by God are revealed. The man who is working with God will spend time in meditation with Him when His plans and purposes will be revealed. Here is the secret of success in Christian service, taking orders direct from God. Here is the secret of power, daily communion with the Most High. The church that would accomplish great tasks must be a church of men and women who are co-workers together with

God. Working with Him and in obedience to Him will assure success.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? In the service of humanity, whatever field we may be called upon to operate in, we need power. And power is acquired not in human effort alone, but in human effort united with God. Where there is partnership between the human and the divine nothing is impossible. "Without me ye can do nothing." We are not to attempt to work alone without God, neither are we to leave all the work to Him. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." There must be consecration of life to the will of God. Where there is consecration there will be union. Real consecration means union, it means burying self deep in the life of God where the human mind becomes charged with divine thought, where human nature is enriched by the divine nature, where the whole life becomes generated with a new power. The acquisition of power, whether in Church or state, requires the dedication of our wealth, ability, mental and physical, and all that we have to the Eternal Being. Consecration of the whole being is implied in the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart and all thy soul and all thy mind." The indwelling of the divine in the heart keeps the affections pure and fresh. Paul, speaking of the three great essentials, says, "The greatest of all is love," and the deepest experience of the human heart in response to that statement says, "Yes, love is the greatest of all." And what tremendous power is wrapped up in the human mind! If your mental powers are controlled by the indwelling God, mountains of difficulties will disappear before you. If the will is submissive to the divine will, if we learn to think God's thoughts, if we become co-workers with Him, we shall find that the impossible will be made possible.

REV. PHILEMON F. STURGES

Rev. Philemon F. Sturges, Dean of The Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Boston, was born in Utica, N. Y., and has the degrees of A.B. from Yale, B.D. from the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, and D.D. from Brown University. He was ordained deacon in 1900, priest in 1901; he was assistant in St. George's Church, New York, 1900-03, and Rector of St. Peter's at Morristown, N. J., 1900-16. He was Rector of Grace Church, Providence, R. I., 1916-1926, going from there to his present parish. Under Dean Sturges are four assistant Ministers, in a Church of about 1,000 communicants. The Dean's sermons are broadcast the second and fourth Sundays of the month. His sermon, "What Do Ye More Than Others?" is an appeal to take us away from the ordinary, to leadership in the great enterprises of life, and having been read will not be quickly forgotten.

XXV

WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?

Rev. Philemon F. Sturges, D.D.

"*What do ye more than others?*"—Matthew 5:46.

If ye love them that love you, if ye salute your brethren only, what reward have ye, what do ye more than others? If you are kind, and courteous, and decent, as every one is expected to be, if you only do what every one does, what is the good, what do ye more than others? What distinctive thing does your life contribute to life?

Throughout the gospel of Jesus there is this appeal to you to be something more, the appeal to that which is distinctive in you. He that will be first among you, he that would be great among you, he that would find life. It is the appeal to you and me to be ourselves, not to be content with thinking and doing and being simply what is usual. It is the appeal of the most free and distinctive personality history has known, to what is distinctively and peculiarly you.

A few weeks ago I heard a member of the faculty of a great university say that he wished examinations and the conferring of degrees at the end of a college course might be abolished. I think you can see what he meant. The examinations and the degree simply stand for the fulfilment of a standard that is expected of everybody. And thousands of men go through college with no other idea than to get by this requirement. And it is perfectly possible to get by and never have a spark of personal or original interest in any

field of knowledge. Now, of course, required standards do fulfil a necessary function in life. Examinations and degrees, conventions and customs, manners and usages, laws and standards help to keep the mass of people up to a certain level. But if nobody did any more, if all of us were content with simply fulfilling what the law of the home or the school, the Church or the state or society required, if no one did more than others, if there were no people in whose hearts and minds there glowed an interest and a passion to adventure beyond the boundaries of what is required, life would come to a standstill. You can see for yourself, if you know anything of history, that all movements in civilization, all movements in the history of thought or government or religion depend upon persons who do more than others, who go beyond what is accepted.

On every hand, during the last few years, we have had preached to us that America's greatest danger is lawlessness. But I think that there is for us, as a people, a greater danger. I think there is the danger of our being content with accepted standards of success, of believing with the mob, that prosperity and safety and speed and amusement are life, of feeling that the thing we want to do is what everybody else is doing. To those of you who have means and education and leisure and opportunity, the question of Jesus is a terrific question, "What do you more than others?" For if you do nothing beyond the fashion of the day, you not only contribute nothing to the nation and the life by grace of which you hold what you have, but you deaden the visions of thousands upon thousands whose only vision in life is to be and dress and play and act as you do. And I cannot see any salvation for what is worth while and distinctive and original and personal in a land where prosperity and machinery and quantity dominate more and more except as we keep living in our souls the appeal of Jesus, of

a personal and transcendent life to everything that is personal in us, to be ourselves; except as we keep in our souls the appeal of Jesus who asks us this pointed question: "What is there personal about you, what is there distinctive about you, what do you do that is not simply the reflection of the fashion of your set, the standard of your class, what do ye more than others?"

When God made you he broke the mould. The first significant fact about you is the something about you that is different. You not only have your own distinctive look, you have your own distinctive soul. You can dull it, you can drill it into conformity with the usual. You can ape it into the manners and standards of your set or your business or your profession. But the appeal of Jesus is God's appeal to what is distinctive in you, that you be not conformed but go beyond. Oh, I wish I could make you see that the Christian faith is essentially a faith in being something more, that the Christian creed is essentially a battle-cry to something further, that this old Apostles' Creed that we say Sunday after Sunday, if it has any meaning at all, is essentially a cry that we believe that being conceived and born and suffering and dying and rising again, hold larger, wider, deeper, diviner meanings and challenge, than the world has ever accepted. I have people ask me how much it is necessary to believe in order to be a Christian. And the only answer is: Something more, more than the past has ever yet succeeded in formulating into words. The Christian creed is simply the assertion of men who believed more than others—range upon range of wonder and mystery and miracle in life, the deep of a divine personal life calling to the deep within you to look out and about and up and see more to believe and to love than has ever been tried and realized.

Now, all of us find field and scope for being something more in association with others. We become ourselves by

becoming members of something larger than ourselves. A boy can be more himself by being a member of a school, let us say. A girl can be more herself by joining such an organization as the Girl Scouts. A man or a woman can be more of a person by being a member of a family, a party, or a movement, or a cause. But unless we really put something of ourselves into our school, or troop, or party, or organization, or profession, we become something less than ourselves, we are just so much dead weight carried along by the institutions or the shibboleths, or the patterns set by other people, contributing nothing but our dead weight.

I think that this is supremely true of the Christian Church. Suppose everybody joined it! Suppose everybody went to church on Sundays! Suppose everybody accurately repeated the creed and the words of the liturgy! Suppose everybody contributed something to its support! Suppose everybody who belonged were outwards perfectly respectable, loving those who loved them and saluting their brethren! In other words, suppose everybody did the usual conventional things expected of a church member! Well, if that were all, the Church would die, die of inane and hidebound respectability. If nobody did more, if into her worship and her work there went no personal vision and love, if no sacrifice and desire for something larger and higher were poured into her worship and her faith, from sincere and honest hearts, if into the old words and the old forms there did not go the immediate and personal longing and aspiration of men and women, touched by the appeal of one whose arms were outstretched to reach and redeem the sufferings and the sins of a world, if no personal and distinctive vision and thought were given to her faith and to her missions, she would die.

Suppose that all any of you saw in the Christian Church were a formal and accepted propriety, that none of you dis-

cerned in prayer and worship and common effort the figure and form of a person speaking to your heart, saying, " Come and follow," what a mockery and a curse its organization and its forms would be!

Its forms and its organization are the only form and the only organization we have that hold up before the thought and the vision of men the presence and the appeal of a Person, of an Eternal Person, to what is personal in men. We have organization and associations among us for many great purposes; for training, for knowledge, for charity, for art, for healing, for social intercourse, for policies. But in a day when *things* are in the saddle, the Christian Church alone holds up the figure of a personal life, the life of Christ crucified, appealing to what is personal in you. What of yourself have you laid upon her altar? What do you more than others?

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